HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 374.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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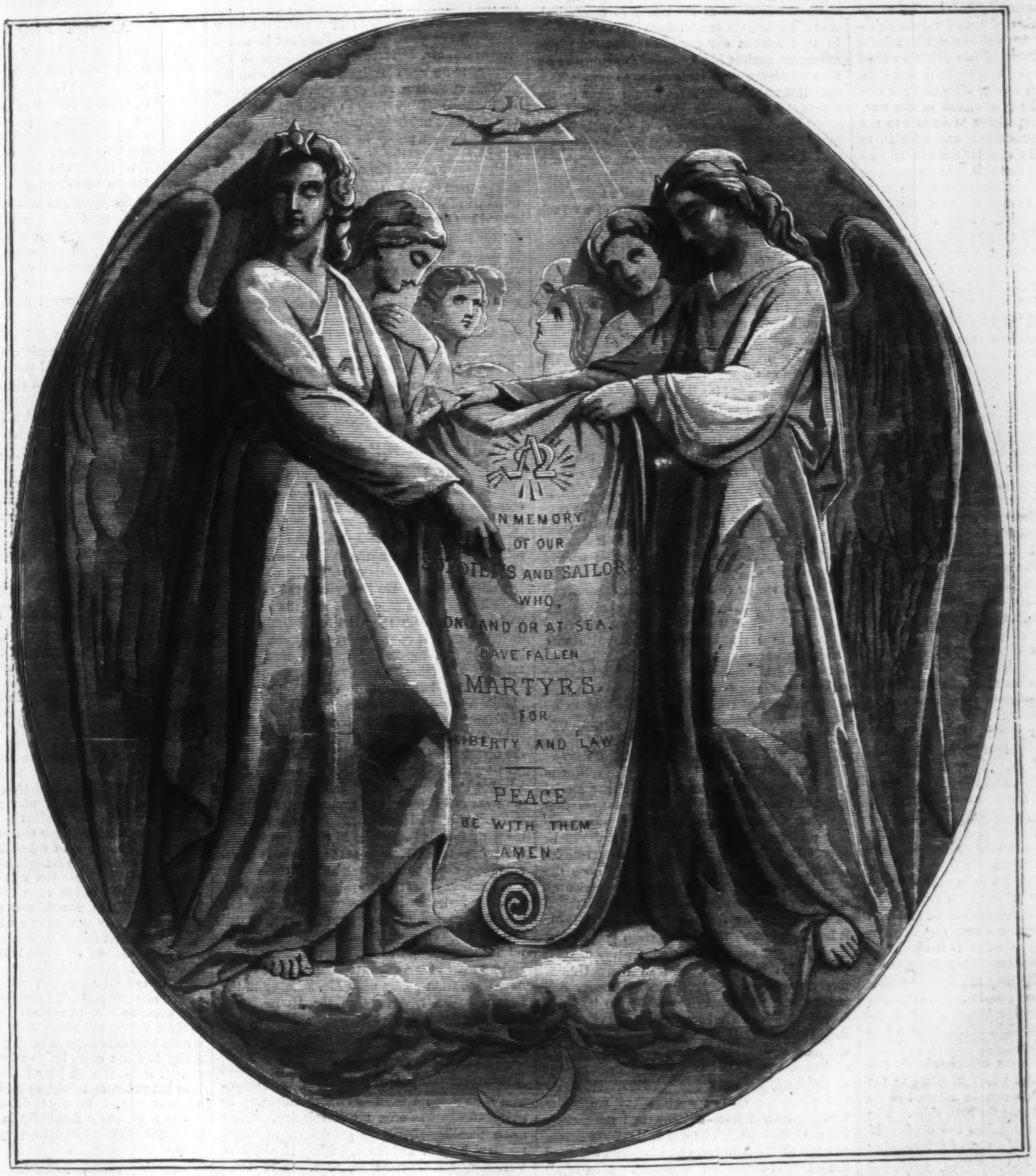


I WALKED adown the garden-walk
  To bid my love good-by,
And as I passed the roses' stalk
  What should my eyes espy
But, nestled like a brooding dove
  In some sequestered spot,
The very thing I told my love—
  A dear "FORGET-ME-NOT!"

I stooped and plucked the little flower:
  He said, "What do you seek?"
I answered, "In the twilight hour
  Let *this*, love, for me speak!"
I twined it softly in his vest,
  His arms were round me furled—
And as I leaned upon his breast
  He said I was "his world!"

His sword was girt upon his thigh,
  His plume waved in the breeze;
And all the twilight seemed to sigh
  Among the garden trees!
I looked into his eyes and felt
  As happy maidens feel,
When first two loving spirits melt
  In one for woe or weal.

He drew me closer to his heart,
  My hand was on his breast;
He said, "My love! though now we part,
  This heart can never rest
Until I bring you back your flower,
  And claim, where now we stand,
In some sweet, future twilight hour,
  This darling little hand!"

These were the words I heard him say—
  The last I ever heard!
I saw him slowly ride away
  While not a step I stirred.
I could not move—I saw him turn
  And kiss his hand to me.
Ah! how my spirit *then* did yearn
  For what would never be.

This little casket that I wear
  The rest can better tell—
A withered flower, a lock of hair,
  A blood-stained word, "Farewell!"
They buried him upon the field,
  Upon the battle-plain;
And life to me can never yield
  A comfort to my pain.

I often, at the twilight hour,
  Steal down the garden-walk,
Where once I plucked the little flower
  Beneath the roses' stalk;
And when I reach the wicker-gate,
  And no one else is nigh,
I almost think I see him wait,
  As then, to say "Good-by."

And sometimes, when the shadows creep
  Along the garden-wall,
I hear a voice which makes me weep
  Out of the darkness call.
It seems to say—as still I stand
  Upon the same old spot—
"I'm waiting for that little hand—
  My dear, FORGET-ME-NOT!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

QUAKER EXEMPTION.

THE petition to exempt Quakers from military service, on the ground of conscientious scruples against war, has excited a great deal of thoughtful sympathy. The statement made in it of the undaunted moral heroism and suffering of some Quakers, among the rebels, who had been drafted and who declined to serve is very touching and impressive. In one case a man was tortured and barely escaped with his life. In another, one was ordered to be shot, and when the file of soldiers who were to execute the sentence saw the victim and heard him calmly praying that they might be forgiven for their involuntary crime, they refused to fire. These are incidents which recall the testimony of the early Quakers. They show that the old spirit is not extinct, and that George Fox and James Naylor still survive under other names.

And yet the principle of exempting men from their share of any common public burden merely upon their assertion of conscientious objection to bearing it, is not and can not be admissible. For the evidence of this truth we need look no further than the late proposition in Congress to exempt from service all who were sincerely opposed to the prosecution of the war. That is simply a proposition to submit to the overthrow of the Government, and with it, to the destruction of all the securities of civil and religious liberty. If the principle be allowed that the assertion of conscientious objection to war in general shall exempt a citizen, the same objection to a particular war upon any ground whatever must equally exempt him. But government of any kind, whether proceeding from the popular will or from the will of one man, is based upon force; it is the agreement that we will do, or, failing the will, that we shall be compelled to do, what the public good requires. If A steals B's money, or coat, or bread, is he to be excused from punishment upon the ground that he is conscientiously opposed to the holding of private property?

Of course we are not saying that a man must submit his conscience to the law, nor denying that very bad and very wicked laws may be often made. An honorable man, for instance, would as willingly obey a law to strike his mother, or a law to kill his child under two years of age, as a law to return an innocent man to slavery from which he was escaping. Every human instinct, every noble and just feeling protests against such a law. If you could find a people who would quietly submit to perpetrate such a crime under the pretense that it was law, you would find a people so morally torpid and corrupt that it would be a relief to the world to sweep them out of it.

What, then, is the alternative? It is very plain. It is to acknowledge the necessity of government or of authority, while you refuse obedience to the special claim; and that you do by yielding to the penalty if it shall be enforced. In this country, for instance, the best citizens were conscientiously opposed to Mason's infamous Fugitive Slave Law. The result was that it was constantly evaded, and when occasionally executed it was with great pomp of force. It is not yet formally repealed, but it is practically obsolete, because the universal conscience of the American people repudiates it. Yet, in the days when its enforcement was attempted, it was wiser for those who rejected it to bear the penalty and go to prison rather than resist it by arms; because, when the people see the best men sent to jail for not obeying a law, they can not help asking what kind of a law is it which the purest and most peaceful people repudiate, while by suffering the penalty they acquiese in necessary authority. If that people is not debauched, they will soon have the law changed or inoperative. If they are debauched, then a free government has failed.

If, then, the Quakers are conscientiously opposed to war, at a time when it seems to the people that their rights can be secured in no other way, it is a hard case for both sides. The prosecution of the war requires the draft. If there were any conceivable way of determining whether conscientious scruples really exist, the release from service ought to be willingly granted wherever they were established; because if the mass of the people were sincerely opposed to maintaining their liberties by fighting, they would be sincerely in favor of submitting to the rebellion, and the war would end in the destruction of the Government, the ruin of the nation, and the overthrow of all hope of civil and religious liberty—and this by consent of the people. But there can be no way devised of ascertaining the sincerity of such scruples. It is therefore plainly impossible that the mere assertion of them should be sufficient. And it seems to us that every honest and patriotic Quaker will a thousand times more willingly acknowledge the authority of the Government which he wishes to see maintained, by paying the penalty of disobedience to its law, rather than by asking for legal release from obedience upon grounds which can never be satisfactorily established.

DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.

THERE are signs of the most extraordinary political freshet ever known. Four years ago it was dangerous even in many Northern cities to allude warmly to slavery. Public opinion was opposed to the discussion of the subject. Men spoke upon it at some peril to their lives. And now it seems that slavery is about to be swept away by a torrent of universal public reprobation. Whoever listens closely can plainly hear the heart of the country saying, "It is the public enemy; let it die the death."

Of course this is not the evidence of an entire moral national regeneration. It is the proof only that the hour has arrived, which always arrives in the progress of civilization, and without which, indeed, there would be no progressive civilization whatever, when it is clearly seen that what is true and good is also politic. It is in vain that this is abstractly shown. But when it is practically perceived a great forward step in civilization is taken. When it is generally felt that morality lightens the taxes a community becomes moral. In this country the slave despotism held us bound so long and so hopelessly, because we were so prosperous and the evil was to us at the North so theoretical, that our sympathies and human instincts pleaded in vain against our apparent interests. The argument against Mr. Lincoln, as against every man whom the slave-lords did not support, was, that if he succeeded grass would grow in the streets and blood run in the gutters. What was called the "Union" party of the North before the insurrection of slavery was simply an organization of timidity, whose argument was, that it was better to let the Southern policy rule the country, because it would otherwise try to ruin it. That was the final philosophy of all such movements as the Castle Garden meeting, and none more than those concerned will freely confess it. It was a question of policy, and it seemed to them to be best to pat and pacify. "Perhaps I compromised too long," frankly says Mr. Everett, in a recent address.

Now a great many persons who supported this policy really hated slavery, and saw the ghastly wounds it was constantly inflicting upon the country, but thought that they had no right to say any thing about it. They were ready enough to send an army of missionaries, under the protection of a huge society, to preach against the religion and convert the natives of Cochin China and Thibet—if they could get there; but they were unwilling to say that the industrial system of their neighbors was wrong. Others declined to hear or say any thing about it, under the conviction that they had no constitutional right to think or say that it was wrong to imbrute a man, or to sell your own daughter, or whip a woman to death because she pined when her child was stolen from her. Still others, and the larger number, cared nothing about the matter, except heartily to denounce the Abolitionists as incendiaries, and fraternize with "the gentlemanly and high-toned Southerners"—meaning slaveholders. The general feeling was that nothing could be done, even if it were a bad thing, and therefore it was fast becoming the fashion to declare that it was a good thing.

The Kansas troubles opened the eyes of the great mass of the people to the fact that the system was the direct rival of every free settler in the country. The question added a material argument to its moral appeal, and from that moment the overthrow of slavery was fixed. But under the Union its extinction would be peaceful. Consequently, as a last desperate resource, its chiefs tried war, counting upon the timidity of trade and the party-organization of the free States friendly to slavery. Both failed them. Every day, from the 12th of April, 1861, it has been clearer to the American people that slavery is the enemy of their industry, of their trade, of their peace, and of their Union. Every day we have been moving nearer and nearer to unanimity in opposition to it, however we might differ about the method of ending it. The most unprincipled newspapers and politicians see the inevitable and irresistible current of events. Even James Spence, the rebel agent in England, does not dare to face civilization and plead the cause for which the rebels are fighting their fellow-citizens, and massacring the noblest youth. The war is the fierce death-struggle of the monster, and whoever would end the war will strike at the serpent. Men of all parties, of all policies, of all convictions upon other subjects, repeat the cry which long and long ago pealed majestically from despised lips: "It is the common enemy. Let it die the death!"

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE speeches of Thiers and Jules Favres in the French Chambers are the most menacing sounds that Louis Napoleon has ever heard. The criticisms of Thiers especially, upon the imperial policy, are the censure of the common sense of France upon its government. In his last discourse the historian strips the facts of the Mexican expedition of all their glamour, and shows that a French army and fleet are engaged in an enterprise which is costly without profit, and perilous without honor. A year ago the Emperor put forth a resonant programme, and sent an army to fulfill the destiny of the Latin race, and now the terrible orator of the Opposition declares that all that can be hoped is that France may be able to retire from the imperial programme without disgrace. In fact now, for the first time, Louis Napoleon tolerates a critic, and he will inevitably find that Thiers must be silenced, or that the empire is in danger.

Thiers does not fear an immediate interference upon our part. But he thinks that when our war is over our soldiers will pass into Mexico, and that consequences which he intimates rather than describes will follow. Maximilian must then be supported by French bayonets against American immigrants and the Mexican people; for Thiers says that he does not see that the Mexicans are favorable to France. Indeed, it is very clear that the shrewd old politician, whose political reputation is that of sagacity rather than of principle, is of the opinion of Richard Cobden, that Louis Napoleon has made the great mistake of his life.

Meanwhile we can do nothing but observe. If France, or any other power, directly interferes in our war, she will be called to account, as England was in the matter of the rams. But for the operations of other powers in other parts of the world, however we may consider ourselves indirectly threatened, we can have but an attentive eye. Mr. M'Dougall's proposition in the Senate, to declare ourselves dissatisfied with the attitude of France, and to menace her, compels the inquiry what we mean to do if France replies that she does not hold herself responsible to us for her foreign policy in other countries than our own. Does the Senator propose that we shall make war upon France? If so, will he indicate the army, or the fleet, or the necessary millions of dollars, with which the war is to be waged? Our present contest is perhaps enough for the moment. The vindication of other people's honor may be wisely left until it is finally settled that we have maintained our own. Nor ought patriots of the M'Dougall school to forget that while Thiers is the most dangerous enemy of Louis Napoleon invading and conquering Mexico, Thiers would be the most able and unwavering leader of France in a war with the United States. It is in this view that the caution of the Secretary of State appears to be the truest political wisdom.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WHEN Mr. Douglas appeared at the last inauguration ball as the next friend of Mrs. Lincoln, he took symbolically the position which his party ought to have assumed, if it hoped to retain any hold upon the American people. He said in effect, "I am for the Union and the Government unconditionally." He died, and left no successor. No leader of even tolerable capacity has taken his place; and the party of which he was easily the head has dwindled and dwindled until it has now virtually disappeared. There are, in Congress and elsewhere, many faithful men who cling to the names Democrat and Democratic; but the disloyal men there and elsewhere assume the same name, and it is a question which will finally secure it.

Had Mr. Douglas lived he would have been the dictator of his party. His futile pretense of squatter sovereignty as a solution of our troubles was but the transparent confession that the old platform of his party, the protection of slavery, was untenable. He saw that the only hope of his party for the future was in the extreme anti-slavery ground. How to get it there was a tremendous, an impossible task at that time. He was frantic. He tried to ride two horses, each running furiously in opposite directions. His fall was inevitable; and, like Webster, he fell and died. Yet could he have survived, the war would have shown him the way to future power, and he would have dared to take it. He would have done from policy what Mr. Sumner in the Senate, and Mr. Arnold in the House, have done from principle, and have called for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.

The true men of his party are coming to that position. They see that henceforth emancipation is as much a fixed fact in this country as independence was after the Revolution. They know that hereafter such gentlemen as Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Mr. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut, and Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, are as impossible leaders of any great popular party as Aaron Burr was after the failure of his conspiracy. For such persons as these comprehend neither men nor principles, neither policy nor history. They are the dry froth left upon the sides of a vessel from which the foaming wine has been poured away.

The terrible logic of events has brought all loyal citizens to the same platform. The attempt to perpetuate old names and lines has resulted in the distinct division of the late Democratic party into two wings, one of which practically sustains the rebellion, and the other the Union. Whoever studies carefully the votes in Congress will observe that such representatives as Mallory, Cox, Chanler, and the Woods, work steadily against the Union and the National Government; while such as Odell and Griswold, with their friends, support the Government, while they try to maintain an appearance of party unity with the first-named, under the pretense, as we said last week, of a "Constitutional opposition."

Why do these gentlemen pursue this course? Why do they not see that their true policy is the public repudiation of all such fellowship? They know that the self-imposed mission of Mr. Fernando Wood is the destruction of the party with which he professes to act; and the method he takes is the proposition of measures which he knows will disgust the country. So long as he is permitted to use the party name, so long the party name shares the odium of his measures and of the support of his faction. Upon his ground the restoration of the party is impossible. In his hands the infamy of the Democratic name is sure. The only hope of its honorable salvation is in the cordial co-operation of those who value it with the predominant sentiment of the country in the hearty, open support of the emancipation policy and of the President who has adopted it. The President is the representative of all in the country who believe that the question is simply Slavery or No-slavery; the destruction of the Government or its salvation.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE story lately told and widely repeated that Mrs. Lincoln had sent flowers to a notorious apostle of "peace," to decorate his house for a ball, is a good illustration of the inaccuracy and injustice of the reports upon which we form our opinions of public persons and measures. The facts are merely these: There is a conservatory attached to the White House, which supplies flowers for the Presidential parties and for such friends as the President or his wife may choose. The wife of the person in question wrote a note asking for flowers. A reply was sent that there were no more than the mistress of the White House required for her own purposes, and with the reply a bouquet was sent, that the wife of the President might not seem churlish in refusing.

Such a story is not worth attention, except as an illustration of the persistent hostility of criticism which has pursued the wife of the President from the beginning of the war, and as falsely as in this instance. There was a time when it was openly insinuated that she furnished information to the rebels, and was the enemy of her husband and the country. That time is long passed, but the venomous tongue of gossip still darts at its victim. There was a time, also, when it was the fashion to sneer at the President as an incompetent officer and trivial joker. But of all living men in the country at this moment whose name is likely to be most illustrious in history?

PROFANITY.

UNCLE TOBY tells us that our army swore dreadfully in Flanders. He spoke of the British army; but evidently they did not use up all the profanity in the world. For *our* army swears awfully in the cars and elsewhere. Why should they? Why should you, dear brethren and gentlemen? What is the use or beauty of saying, "Apple-boy! G— d— your soul to h—! Don't try to shove off your G— d— rotten old apples on me, G— d— you!" Is it manly? Is it brave? Is it any thing but a silly swagger? To talk loud, to swear, to whistle, to shout, to sing in a quiet car with quiet people, merely brings you and the whole army into contempt.

It is easy enough to see that it is generally the sheerest affectation. Of course if you get drunk, if you make yourselves beasts, dear brethren, before you get into the cars, you will infallibly behave bestially when you are there. But to hear such hearty, intelligent, sound, and manly fellows as any traveler may now meet upon any train, roaring out the most odious oaths about nothing whatever is pitiful. Of all tricks it is the poorest and meanest. If you get drunk you may steal and be jugged; or you may murder and be hanged. If you lie you may fall into awful scrapes, after which you will never be believed again. There is some risk in these things, and where there is risk there is a certain kind of courage in braving it. But to swear foully, to damn every body and every thing, to be a nasty nuisance with your indecent tongue—this is as honorable, as manly, as soldierly as to insult a woman who has nobody to defend her.

Our army swore dreadfully in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but he did not say that they fought more bravely for it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 10. Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the joint resolution for amending the Constitution just proposed by Mr. Sumner, which reads, "Every where within the limits of the United States and each State and Territory thereof all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave." Some time before Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, had offered a joint resolution to a similar purport. In lieu of this the Committee presented the following joint resolution for amending the Constitution: "Article 13, Section 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.* Section 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*" This article, if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress concur, is to be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths of these, to be valid as a part of the Constitution.—Mr. Clark offered a resolution ratifying the President's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, and giving it the force of a statute: referred.—Mr. Brown offered amendments to the Enlistment bill, confirming the Emancipation Proclamation, abolishing slavery, and subjecting colored persons to enrolment under the same apportionment as other citizens.—The Military Committee reported adversely to Mr. Grimes's bill reducing the salaries of military officers not in the field or without command.—Mr. Sumner brought up the case of a colored surgeon of the army who had been ejected from a railroad car in the District, and offered a resolution directing the Committee on the District to inquire into the expediency of a law securing to colored persons equal privileges with whites in the cars within the District. He said that this officer, who held a rank equal to that of Major, had been ejected from a street car because he was black. We had better break up all these railroads if we could not have them without such outrages, which did more to injure our cause abroad and at home than the loss of a battle. Mr. Hendricks thought the outrage was on the other side; there were cars for colored people, and this person declined to ride with people of his own color, and wished to force himself upon white people; referring to remarks of Senators that it was no disgrace to ride with colored men, and that the outrage was as great as though a Senator of the United States had been ejected, he said that there seemed to be a determination to force social as well as political equality with the blacks upon the white race. The people of his State would never adopt that sentiment. Mr. Wilson rejoined that he had no wish to force negro equality upon the Senator from Indiana; he wished only to let every man assume the station which God intended him to attain: resolution passed, 30 to 10.—The bill prohibiting Members of Congress and Heads of Departments from receiving any compensation for acting as counsel, etc., in any case in which the United States are concerned, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, came up and was debated: the clause relating to Members of Congress was stricken out, 26 to 14: laid over.—The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up, debate arising upon the section giving colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, its consideration was postponed.——*February* 11. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no witness shall, in the United States Courts, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was brought up and discussed, the point being the amendment against making that officer Commander-in-chief, and striking out the name of General Grant. Senators opposed to this amendment said that to bestow the title without the command would be but an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the homage of the people: postponed.——*February* 12. The Senate was occupied with various business of no very general importance, except that the House bill making appropriation to meet deficiencies is amended by authorizing the appointment for a limited period of one thousand additional clerks, who may be females, at a salary not exceeding $600 a year.——*February* 13. The Secretary of War sent in a communication relative to military officers' commutations for quarters and fuel; there were 387 officers drawing such commutations, of whom 27 were generals, 52 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, the remainder being of lower ranks, 79 being paymasters.—A memorial from the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce was presented and referred, asking for a wagon-road through Central Minnesota to Idaho; it stated that within a few months $25,000,000 had been mined, which was now waiting egress through such a road with proper military protection.—The bill for regulating the pay of colored soldiers was brought up and discussed, the principal objection to it being its retrospective feature; upon motion of Mr. Wilson it was amended so as to give them the same pay as others from January 1, 1864, instead of for the whole time they have been in service; Mr. Cowan then moved, as a substitute for the bill, that from the date of the passage of this Act all soldiers of the United States of the same arm of the service should receive like compensation; he said that the negro had a legal status under the Constitution which protected him, and that, as he received the protection of the laws, he must be regarded as a citizen under the Constitution. Mr. Saulsbury said that if this was the basis of Mr. Cowan's substitute he should oppose it; the old-fashioned term was "negro," now these people were "colored citizens." Pending action on Mr. Cowan's substitute the Senate adjourned to Monday, February 15.——*February* 15. Mr. Foster introduced a bill defining the position and duties of chaplains in the army; it gives them the rank of major of infantry, allows them to hold pastoral charges, requires them to preach twice a week, hold religious meetings twice a week, and keep the libraries for the use of the soldiers.—The Enrollment bill, as amended by the House, was taken up and considered; the Senate refused to recede from its provisions.—The Deficiency bill from the House was passed, with an amendment increasing the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of the Departments and Post-office to $3500 after the present fiscal year.——*February* 16. Bills granting lands for certain military roads in Oregon were passed.—Bill extending the statute of limitations in cases where the execution of the laws has been interrupted in consequence of the rebellion was introduced.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill regulating trade with Indian tribes; it prohibits, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and forfeiture, the sale of spirits to Indians.—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, spoke at length in favor of the bill setting apart a portion of Texas for the use of persons of African descent.—Mr. Cowan's amendment to the Enlistment bill came up, giving equal pay, etc., to all soldiers. Mr. Davis proposed an amendment to the effect that colored troops should be disbanded, and colored men be employed in the army only as laborers and teamsters; that for slaves so employed loyal masters should be compensated; and if he died in service the master should receive the full value for him. Mr. Davis spoke at length in support of his amendment.—A message was received from the House announcing its adherence to its amendments of the Enrollment bill, and asking a Committee of Conference. The Senate resolved to adhere to its amendments, and authorized the Chair to appoint a Committee of Conference.

House.—*February* 10. Mr. Eliot, from the Select Committee, reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Freedman's Affairs, to determine all questions relating to persons of African descent, and make regulations for their employment and proper treatment on abandoned plantations. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, wished to know whether his State was to be included in the operations of the bill, and whether plantations there were to be considered as abandoned: he himself owned a plantation which had been abandoned because Government did not protect it. Mr. Eliot replied that the bill did not propose to establish colonies in Kentucky; that in the case of plantations there, whether they were to be considered as abandoned would depend upon whether the owners were loyal or disloyal; that in the case of Mr. Clay, a well-known loyal man, his plantation certainly would not be considered abandoned.—The Senate amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, and sundry amendments were proposed and rejected. Mr. Stevens offered an amendment enrolling all persons of African descent of military age; and when a slave is drafted $300 shall be paid to his owner, and the slave be freed. Debate ensued, mainly between members from the Border States: the main points being, on the one side, that slaves were property, and could not be taken for public purposes without compensation; and, upon the other, that they were persons, and so owed military service: postponed.——*February* 11. After some routine business a Select Committee was voted, to inquire into the expediency of increasing the facilities for the transportation of troops between New York and Washington.—The Enrollment bill then came up. Mr. Stevens, at the request of Mr. Davis, withdrew the $300 feature from his amendment offered yesterday, and Mr. Davis offered another amendment, appointing a commission to pay to loyal masters a sum not exceeding $300 for slaves volunteering in the army. Mr. Webster offered an amendment providing that the bounty of $100 now paid to drafted men shall be paid to any person to whom the person drafted may owe service or labor at the time of his muster into service, upon his freeing the person. These amendments were agreed to, after a long and somewhat desultory debate. In the course of this Mr. Davis said that he moved his amendment, not because he believed that compensation was due to the master, but on account of the measures which Government had already taken. He believed that Government ought to take slaves for military purposes, because they owed military service. Mr. Anderson, of Kentucky, thought the amendment did not go far enough. In his own district a large majority of the young men had entered the rebel service, and at the next draft the district would owe 7000 men; unless the slaves of disloyal men were taken, those who had induced enlistments in the rebel service would enjoy their property in peace, and the loyal white population must make up the deficiency; he would put the slaves of disloyal men in the army, but would not appropriate the slaves of loyal men. Mr. Webster, of Maryland, said that slaves were both persons and property. We needed colored men to aid in putting down the rebellion; any black man, having been a soldier, must be free; he would give freedom to the slave, and compensation to the master. Mr. Harris, of Maryland, denied the right of Government to enlist or enroll a slave; if taken, it could only be as property, and compensation must be made; he was opposed to employing negro troops; it would be a degradation to intrust our flag to negro hands. Mr. Kasson rejoined that the employment of negro soldiers was no new thing; the pension-rolls showed the names of black men by the side of whites; the statutes of the State of Virginia provided for the emancipation of slaves who fought in the War of the Revolution. Mr. Kelley said that we did not give compensation to the Northern father for his son, the wife for her husband, the children for the father taken from them by the conscription; the relation between slaveholder and slave was not more sacred than these. Slaves were persons, and as such owed military service to the country; they were never referred to as property in the Constitution; he was, however, ready to appropriate money to pay for slaves of loyal masters, who should consent to their volunteering. Other members spoke, on both sides, in the same general strain. Toward the close of the debate Mr. Fernando Wood said that while we were here proposing measures oppressive and destructive, and clearly in violation of the Constitution, the Confederates were proposing to discuss measures of peace, reunion, and reconciliation. Quoting from the Richmond *Examiner*, he said that resolutions were before the Confederate Congress proposing that the Confederate States ask the United States to appoint delegates, to consider (1.) Whether they can not agree to the recognition of the Confederacy; (2.) Whether, in this event, they can not agree upon a new Government; (3.) If this can not be done, whether they can not agree upon treaties offensive, defensive, and commercial; if these resolutions passed, the President of the Confederacy was to be requested to communicate them to the Government at Washington, and, if the proposition was accepted, to issue a proclamation for the election of delegates to meet those appointed by the United States. Mr. Cox said that the proposition before the Congress at Richmond looked to peace on the basis of the old Union. He proposed that commissioners should be sent to Richmond; if Mr. Wood was sent, and if he did not come back within sixty days with a negotiation of peace, based on the old Union, with equality and sovereignty of the States, he would pledge that gentleman and his friends as earnest supporters of the prosecution of the war. After various other propositions had been disposed of, Mr. Schenck offered a substitute for the bill, embracing the whole as it had been finally agreed upon.——*February* 12. The Enrollment bill came up, and debate having been shut off by calling the previous question, and sundry propositions for adjournment and delay having been rejected, it was pressed to a vote. The main amendment, providing for the enrollment of all persons of African descent of military age, paying the $100 bounty to the loyal person to whom any drafted person may owe service or labor, upon his freeing the drafted person, and appointing a commission to award a compensation not exceeding $300 to any loyal person to whom a colored volunteer may owe service, was agreed to by 84 to 67. Mr. Schenck's substitute, embracing the entire bill as finally amended, was then taken up and voted upon: it passed by 93 to 60. The bill which thus passed the House embraces a great number of provisions, of which the following are the most essential: (§ 1.) The President may call out such number of men as the public exigencies may require; (§ 2.) The quota of each district to be as nearly as possible in proportion to the number of persons in it subject to draft, taking into account the number already furnished to the naval and military service; (§ 3.) If the quota of any State is not duly filled, drafts for any deficient district shall be ordered until the deficiency shall be supplied; (§ 4.) Any enrolled person may furnish a substitute; and if this substitute is not liable to draft or in the service, the principal will be exempt during the time for which the substitute would be exempt, but no one in military or naval service shall be accepted as a substitute; (§ 5.) All persons liable to draft shall be enrolled; this comprises in effect all able-bodied males below the age of 45, including aliens who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, and all who, without having been in service two years during the present war, shall have been discharged; (§ 6.) Any person drafted may furnish a substitute at any time before the time fixed for his appearance at rendezvous; if the substitute is not liable to draft, the principal is exempt during the time of such non-liability, not exceeding the time for which the draft was made; if the substitute is liable to draft, the principal is liable to future drafts; any person paying money for commutation is exempted only from the special quota; and in no case shall such exemption extend beyond one year, at the end of which his name must be placed in enrollment; (§ 7.) Members of religious denominations whose rules prohibit the bearing of arms shall, when drafted, be considered non-combatants, and be assigned to duty in hospitals, or to the care of freedmen, or shall pay $300, the money to be applied to the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers; but no person shall be entitled to the benefit of this provision unless he shows that his conduct has been uniformly consistent with his professed principles; (§ 8.) No person of foreign birth who has voted or held office is exempt from draft on the ground of alienage; (§ 9.) Mariners or able seamen who may be drafted may, upon enlisting in the navy, be exempt from draft, under conditions which are prescribed; but the number of these transfer enlistments shall not exceed ten thousand; (§ 10, 11, 12.) Make provisions for carrying out the preceding section, the principal of which is that such transfer drafts shall be credited to the quota of the district, as though the person had been actually placed in the army; and that no pilot, engineer, master-at-arms, master, ensign, or master's mate, having an appointment and duly acting as such in the naval service, shall be liable to draft while holding such appointment; (§ 13.) Declares the only exemptions to be those who are physically, mentally, or morally unfit for service; those who at the time of draft shall actually be in military or naval service; and those who, having been for two years in service, shall have been honorably discharged; (§ 14.) Repeals the clause in the existing Enrollment bill making two classes, the first consisting of unmarried persons and those married below the age of 35, the second class embracing all others; all persons liable to draft are thus consolidated into one class, and are equally liable to military duty; (§ 15-25.) Provide for the execution of the law, and impose heavy penalties for all fraudulent attempts at their violation or evasion on the part of persons liable to enrollment, or of any officers charged with carrying them into effect; (§ 26) Enacts that all able-bodied male persons of African descent, between the ages of 20 and 45, resident in the United States, whether citizens or not, shall be enrolled; that when the slave of a loyal master is drafted and mustered into service, the master shall have a certificate thereof, and the bounty of $100 shall be paid to any person to whom the recruit, at the time of his being mustered into service, owes service or labor, on his freeing the recruit; that the Secretary of War shall appoint a commission in each Slave State represented in Congress, who shall award to any loyal person to whom the colored volunteer owes service a sum not exceeding $300, payable out of commutation money, upon the master freeing the slave; and that in all cases where slaves have been enlisted the provision as to bounty and compensation shall be the same as in the case of those to be enlisted; (§ 27.) Repeals all sections of the existing Enrollment act which are inconsistent with this.—The House then adjourned to Monday, February 15.——*February* 15. Several bills were introduced and reported from Committees. The principal of these are to the following purport: Extending the time for withdrawing goods from public stores and warehouses; Granting lands to the Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company; For a uniform system of bankruptcy; Establishing a branch mint in Idaho Territory; For constructing a ship canal around Niagara Falls.—Mr. Windom offered a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery in the United States and Territories: referred.—The Judiciary Committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of establishing an Executive Department, to be called that of the Revenue, to have charge of the Customs, Internal Revenue, and Currency.—Mr. Arnold offered a resolution declaring that "*The Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to abolish slavery in the United States wherever it now exists, and to prohibit its extension in every part thereof forever.*" A motion to lay on the table was rejected, 79 to 58, and the resolution passed, 78 to 62.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill. The bill of the Senate, he said, was preferable to what had been agreed to in the House as to the tax on spirits, and the date of its going into effect. The Committee were of opinion that all taxes should be prospective; manufacturers had received a virtual pledge to this effect. As a revenue measure also the Senate bill was preferable. The amount of spirits on hand which the House proposed to tax did not amount to more than 10,000,000 gallons, upon which the tax would be $4,000,000; but practically not more than half of this would be taxed. The Senate bill would after the 1st of January yield $14,000,000 or $15,000,000. Mr. Fernando Wood said that the tax on spirits on hand would yield $10,000,000. He himself knew three men who had on hand nearly 5,000,000 gallons.—Mr. Davis, from Select Committee on Insurrectionary States, reported a bill giving to certain States whose Governments have been usurped or overthrown a republican form of government.——*February* 16. After routine business the question of reception and reference of the credentials of Mr. Johnson, who appeared as Representative from Arkansas, was taken up. A discussion ensued, which elicited the fact that there was a wide difference in the views of Republican members upon the question whether there was really any State of Arkansas now existing and entitled to be represented in Congress. Finally the whole subject was referred to the Committee on Elections.—The Revenue bill was brought up with the amendments of the Senate. That imposing a duty of 70 cents upon all distilled or removed from July 1 to January 1, and 80 cents thereafter was disagreed with, 105 to 41; that striking out tax on all spirits now on hand was agreed with, 77 to 73; and that striking out the additional tax of 20 cents on adulterated spirits, sold as rum, brandy, etc., was agreed to.

THE GENERAL SITUATION.

The rebel President, plucking up courage from the reenlistment of his veteran regiments, who, in view of the new conscription act, probably deemed it their best policy to make a virtue of necessity, has issued a proclamation thanking these soldiers for their brave conduct, and breathing an air certainly of defiance, apparently of hopefulness. He tells them that the spring campaign will open under auspices calculated to sustain their hopes. He makes a very hard case for us at the North with our taxations and dissensions, as if, indeed, there were no troubles of that sort at home; and in reminding them of the accessions soon to be made to their strength, he forgets to tell them that these new recruits, at the utmost, can not number over 80,000, many of whom from the weakness of tender youth, or from the burden of half a century of years, will be totally inefficient, and still more of whom will have no heart in the cause. He also forgets to tell them that half of the four hundred thousand men on their muster rolls are straggling about the mountains or lost by desertion, and that it is almost impossible to feed the half that is left. He refers with a remarkable coolness to our financial situation and its difficulties, forgetting how many dollars his last breakfast cost him.

The tone of the Southern journals simulates hope after much the same desperate fashion. The Richmond *Examiner* says that in the spring the rebel armies will be stronger, better armed and disciplined than ever before, and congratulates the country on having Smith and Magruder in the place of Holmes west of the Mississippi; Polk instead of Pemberton in the southwest; Johnston instead of Bragg in the centre; Longstreet in Tennessee; Beauregard triumphant on the Southern sea-board, and Lee still invincible in Virginia. It also represents General Lee as most hopeful, and as having said that if the war can be prolonged to September the greatest crisis will be passed.

Our military authorities at Washington have received information of the withdrawal of troops from Lee's army and Beauregard's, probably for the purpose of strengthening Mobile and Atlanta, and of threatening Knoxville with a larger force.

In Virginia there has been no change. General Meade has resumed his command.

The Army of the Cumberland is in an excellent condition. The communication between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap has been interrupted, and the occupation of East Tennessee by the enemy has been considerably advanced, though no strong position has been regained by them. General Logan is at Huntsville, Alabama, probably for the purpose of co-operating with Sherman.

From Kelley's department there is no news worthy of notice, with the exception of a raid executed by some guerrillas of Gilmer's command upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, resulting in the plunder of $30,000.

A powerful fleet is being fitted out on the Mississippi by Admiral Porter. Both on the Ohio and the Mississippi all the naval dépôts are busily engaged in the work.

MOVEMENTS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

General Sherman's two corps—the Sixteenth under Hurlbut, and the Seventeenth under M'Pherson—left Vicksburg about a fortnight ago. On the 3d of February General Smith's cavalry left Corinth for Memphis. The troops in Arkansas are also engaged in a movement southward, which will put Magruder's army between the commands of General Steele on the north and General Banks's column on the south. Jackson and Yazoo City have been both occupied by General Sherman, with slight loss to our forces. In a fight near Clinton, on the 4th, our troops lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded; the enemy were driven off, and thus our way was open to Jackson, which was occupied on the 5th, the rebels retreating across Pearl River.

The position of the rebel forces in Arkansas is as follows:

General Price has about 6000 demoralized troops at Washington.

Generals Marmaduke, Brook, and Cahill are in the mountains in the vicinity of Murfreesboro.

General Shelby, who was recently routed, is with his command on the Lower Saline River.

Generals Cooper, Steele, and M'Intosh, are with their Indian commands at Warren and North Fork in the Indian Territory.

The total force of the rebels, including guerrillas and camp followers, is about 14,000.

GENERAL BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

The rebels are again threatening Newbern. An iron-clad in the Neuse, thirty-five miles above Newbern, at Kingston, will probably co-operate in the movement against the city. As Newbern, however, is capable of resisting successfully any attempts at capture, it is likely that the menacing movements of the enemy in this direction are only designed to occupy our forces, and prevent a repetition of the late uncomfortable raids of Butler. General Peck has arrived at Newbern, and assumed the command.

On the 8th of February one thousand and twenty bales of cotton were burned by an accidental conflagration at Wilmington. The loss to the rebels is nearly a million of dollars.

A great number of rebel prisoners in various Western jails have lately been removed to Butler's department.

One hundred and ten Union officers escaped from Libey Prison a week ago, by digging a tunnel under the walls. Some of these were recaptured. Among those escaped were Colonel Streight. Our cavalry and gun-boats made every effort to aid the fugitives in reaching our lines.

CHARLESTON.

In regard to the siege of Charleston there is nothing new. On the 5th of February a formidable expedition, consisting of three brigades, under the command of General Seymour, started from Port Royal for Jacksonvillle, Florida, where it landed on the 8th. Thence the entire force was to push across the country to Tallahassee. Gillmore sailed on the 7th to join the expedition, which was also to receive co-operation from Admiral Dahlgren with the *Pawnee*, the *Wachusett*, and the *Water Witch*.

General Mercer, in command of the defenses of Savannah, has been reinforced by the rebels in expectation of an attack from the Union forces; the occasion for apprehension being probably the preparations made for the Florida expedition, whose destination was mistaken.

THE CASE OF VALLANDIGHAM.

The decision of Vallandigham's case in the Supreme Court, on the 15th, excited a great deal of interest. It was a test case, and the decision was of the greatest importance. Justice Wayne delivered the opinion of the Court, that, even if the arrest, trial, and punishment of Vallandigham were illegal, there was still no authority in the Court to grant relief; and that there is no law by which any appeal, or proceedings in the nature of an appeal, from a military commission to the Supreme Court, can be taken.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The Austrian and Prussian embassadors have given assurance to the French and English courts that their respective governments meant to adhere to the treaty of 1852. This is not satisfactory to the German States generally; and the Chamber of Deputies both of Austria and Prussia have refused to grant the supplies necessary to the occupation of Schleswig. The cabinets of Berlin and Vienna have therefore to proceed on their own responsibility. They have rejected the proposal of Denmark requesting a delay until the convocation of the Rigsraad. Orders were received at Kiel on the 27th of January for the van-guard of the Austro-Prussian Army Corp to advance. The Danes continue to fortify the Dannewerke. They have 32,000 men in Schleswig, under Lieutenant-General de Meza, whose head-quarters are at Flensburg, on a gulf of the Baltic. Their great line of defense rests on the Eider.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Meade, having recovered from his recent illness, in Philadelphia, had a fine reception at Independence Hall a few days since.

The Second Fire Zouaves of this city arrived home last week, and had a splendid reception by the firemen.

General Sickles has been appointed Commander of Washington in place of General Auger who goes to the front.

General Scammon, recently gobbled up by guerrillas, in Western Virginia, belonged to the regular army, was a West Point officer, and served in Florida and Mexico. He was a brave officer and a favorite with General Scott, on whose staff he was attached in Mexico.

Two hundred and seventy rebel prisoners arrived at Chattanooga on the 7th from Knoxville, captured in recent cavalry fights.

General Stoneman passed through Nashville on February 4, and General Grant on February 5, both en route to the front.

Commodore Wm. J. M'Cluny, United States Navy, died at his residence in Brooklyn last week. At the time of his death he had been in the service fifty-two years.

It would appear by dispatches from St. Louis to Chicago that a powerful fleet is being fitted out on the Mississippi River by Admiral Porter. All the naval dépôts on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are actively engaged in fitting out vessels.

The Kentucky House has passed a resolution unanimously asking Congress to place General Robert Anderson on the retired list, on full pay.

General Curtis arrived at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the 9th inst., after a horseback journey of four hundred miles over the plains. He will remain there but a few days, being engaged in reorganizing the Army of the Frontier, under General Blunt, for speedy military operations.

Colonel Traxall, of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and twenty others, have made their escape from the Atlanta Prison, and reached Louisville.

A very superior and elegant set of horse equipments for General Grant have been completed by Mr. George Peters of Newark, New Jersey.

Colonel James B. Swain, of Scott's Nine Hundred, has been dismissed from the service by order of the President.

Acting Assistant Surgeon Kollock, who feigned to be ill with the small-pox, has deserted from the United States steamer *Brandywine*.

Captain John F. Porter, of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, escaped two weeks ago from Libey prison. He left the prison in a rebel uniform, and remained nine days in Richmond without exciting suspicion.

Information has been received from Charleston in relation to raising the iron-clads *Weehawken* and *Keokuk*. The workmen had already made considerable efforts to get up the *Keokuk*, which were crowned with comparative success, when the weather became so unfavorable that the work had to be stopped.

A sick negro soldier, belonging to Colonel Wood's command in the West, who had straggled from his regiment, was murdered by the rebels. A lieutenant and two privates, who committed the deed, were captured, and Colonel Wood, in retaliation, had them blindfolded, and caused them to kneel on the dead body of the negro they had murdered, when they were shot.

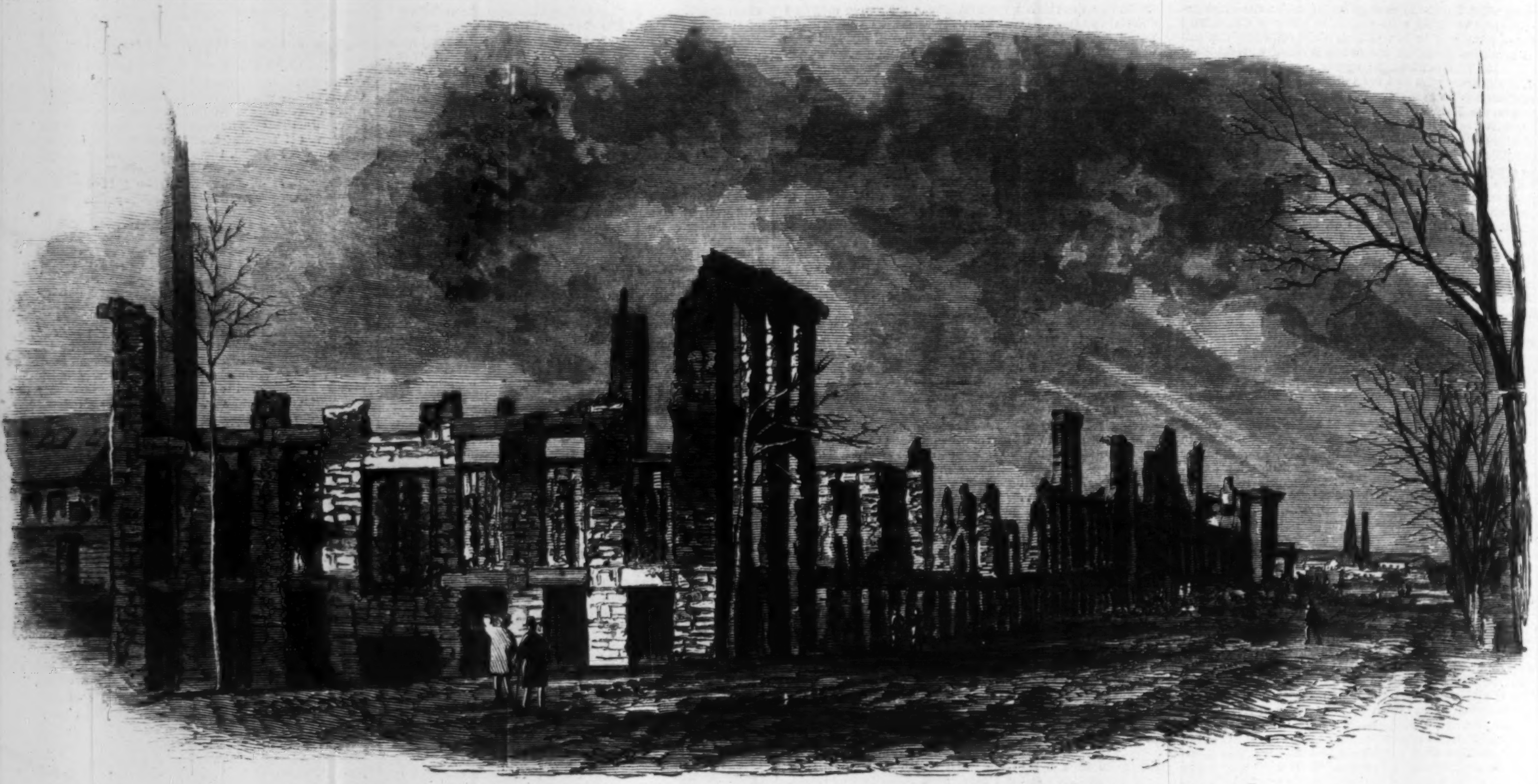
General Burnside's Ninth Army Corps is rapidly filling up. All the veteran Massachusetts regiments now home on furlough have been assigned to his command.

The following officers succeeded, a few days since, in making their escape from the prison in Richmond, and have arrived at Williamsburg, Virginia: Colonel J. F. Boyd, 20th Army Corps; Colonel W. G. Ely, 18th Connecticut; Colonel H. C. Hobart, 21st Wisconsin; Colonel W. P. Kendrick, 2d West Tennessee Cavalry; Colonel W. B. M'Creary, 21st Michigan; Colonel Thomas E. Rose, 77th Pennsylvania; Colonel J. P. Spofford, 97th New York; Colonel C. W. Tilden, 16th Maine; Colonel T. S. West, 24th Wisconsin; Colonel Streight, 51st Indiana; Colonel D. Mills, 79th Pennsylvania; Major J. P. Collins, 29th Indiana; Major G. W. Fitzsimmons, 13th Indiana; Major J. H. Hooper, 15th Massachusetts; Major B. B. M'Donald, 100th Ohio; Major Avon Witzel, 74th Pennsylvania; Major J. N. Walker, 73d Indiana; Major J. Henry, 5th Ohio. There were also thirty-two Captains and fifty-nine Lieutenants, making in all one hundred and nine who escaped. From Richmond papers, however, the following, we learn, have been recaptured: Colonel J. P. Spofford, 97th New York; Captain J. Yates, 3d Ohio; Captain G. Stair, 104th New York; Captain F. Irah, 45th New York; Lieutenant H. Hinks, 57th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant W. N. Daily, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lieutenant A. B. White, 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lieutenant E. Schroeder, 74th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant W. L. Watson, 21st Wisconsin; Lieutenant F. Moran, 73d New York; Lieutenant C. H. Morgan; Lieutenant H. S. Chivester, 82d Illinois; Lieutenant W. B. Pierce, 11th Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant A. Moore, 4th Kentucky; Lieutenant P. S. Edmonds, 67th Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant P. H. White, 83d Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant J. M. Wasson, 40th Ohio; Second-Lieutenant S. P. Gamble, 63d Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant G. S. Gord, 84th Pennsylvania; Second-Lieutenant S. P. Brown, 15th United States Cavalry; Adjutant M. R. Small, 6th Maryland; Isaac Johnson, engineer steamer *Satellite*.

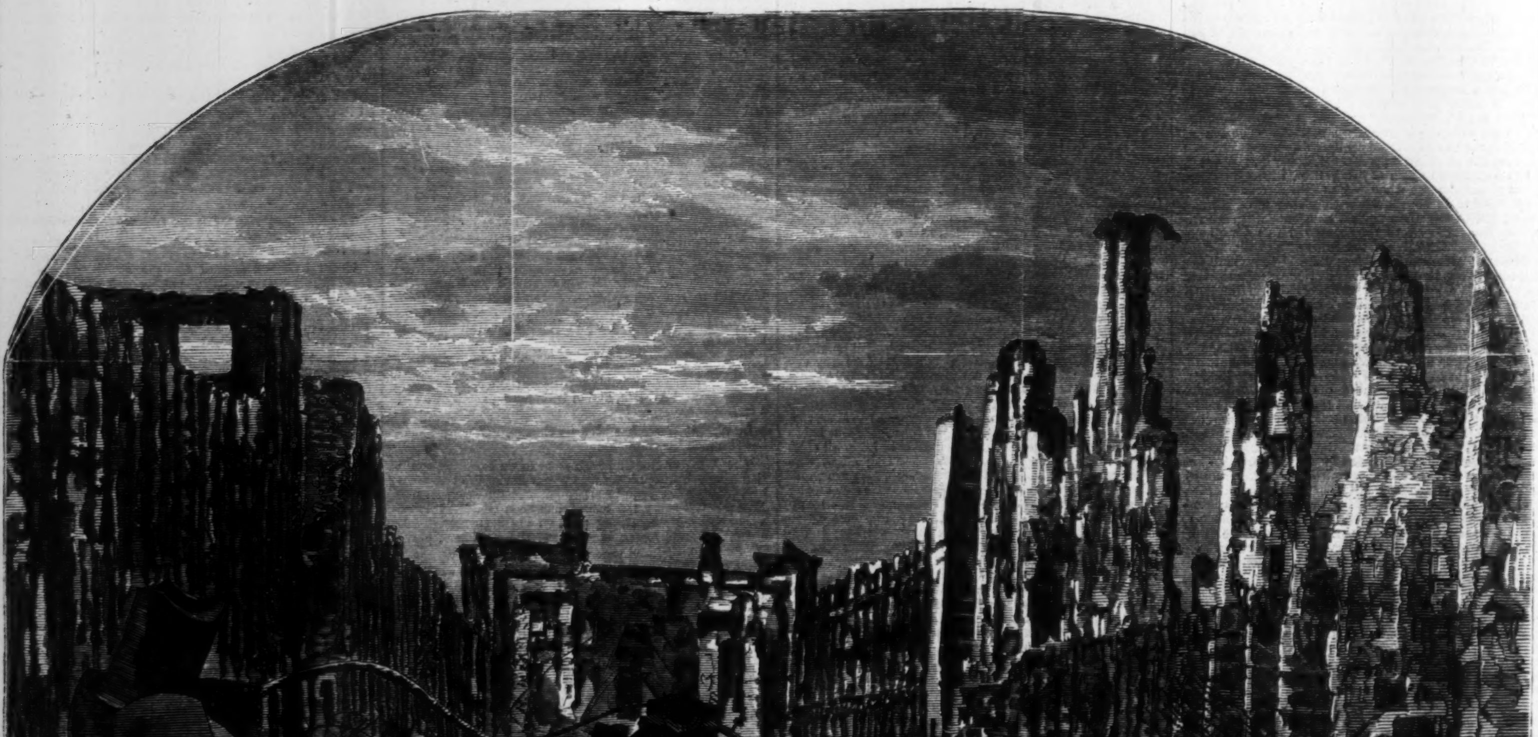
The rations issued to the officers in the prison consisted of a quart of rice to sixteen men every eight days, a small piece of corn-bread every day to each, about four ounces of very poor fresh meat once a week, and salt and vinegar very rarely.

The business of embalming the bodies of deceased soldiers is increasing in Washington. The cost has been reduced to ten dollars each subject, and at the Armory Square Hospital all who die are embalmed, whether their friends request it or not. When the friends are too poor to pay no charge is made.

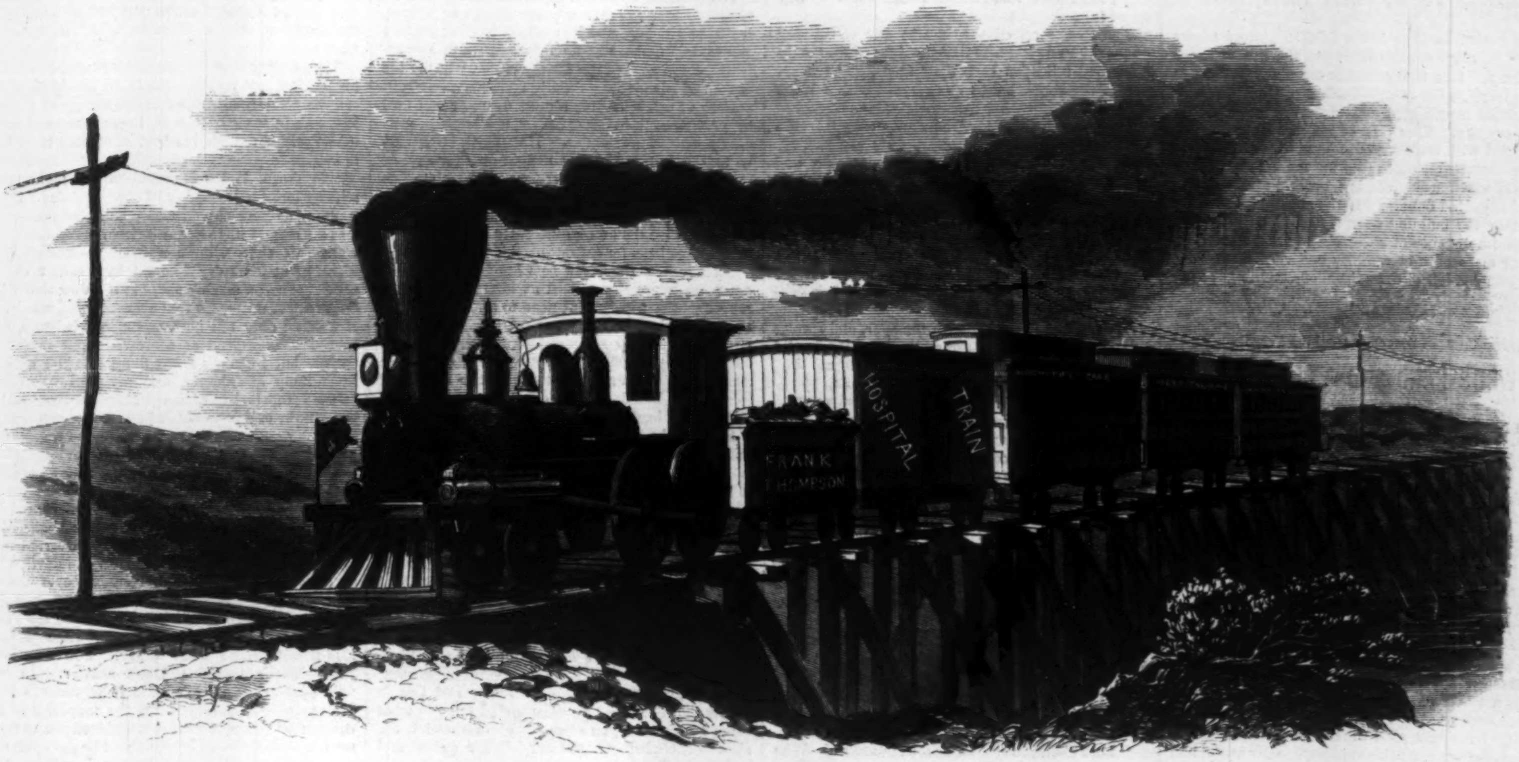
Since March, 1861, not less than one hundred thousand men of the Army of the Potomac have been killed and wounded.



COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—EXTERIOR.—[From a Photograph by N. A. and R. A. Moore, Hartford.]



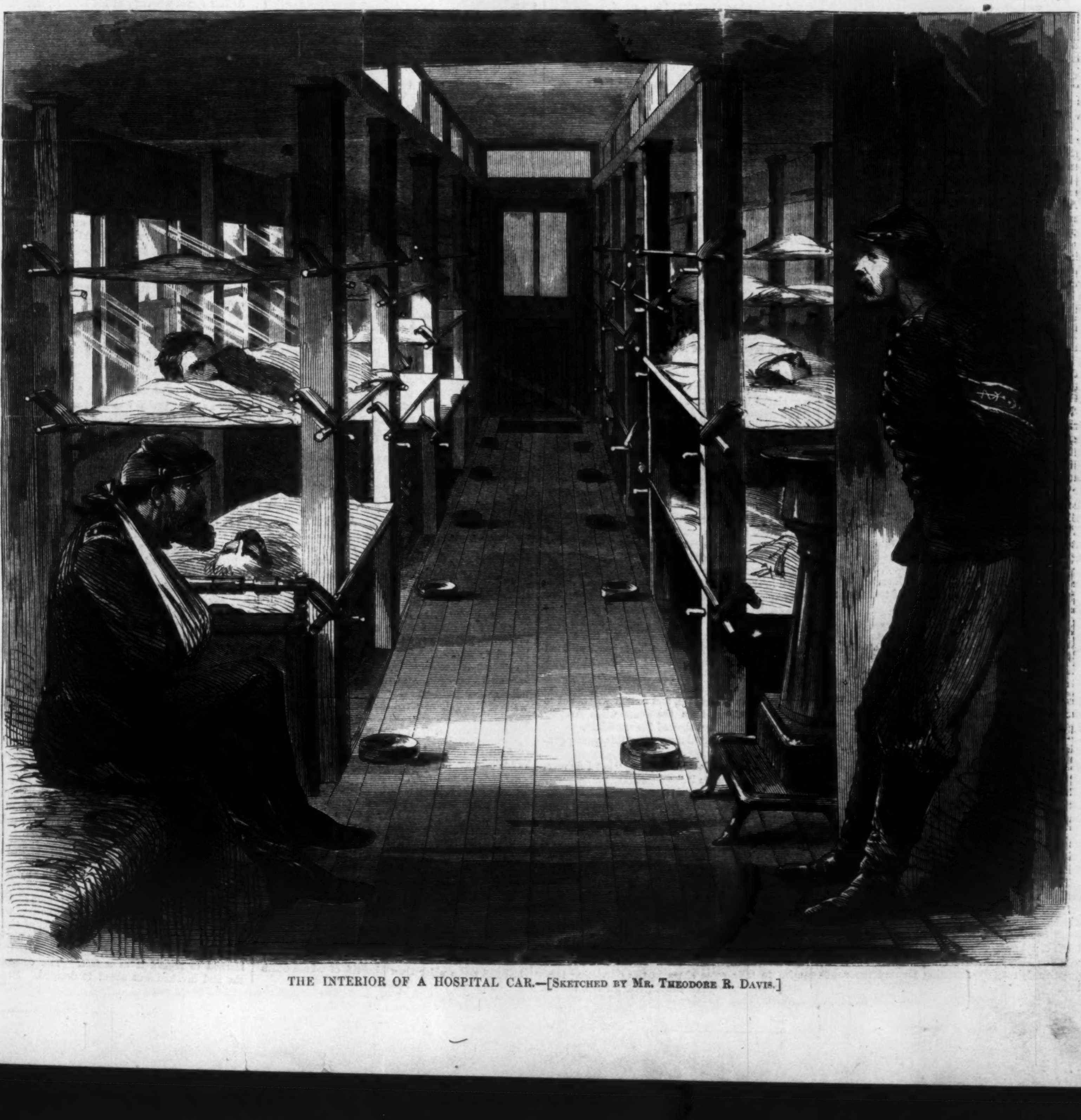
COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—INTERIOR.—From a Photograph by N. A. and R. A. Moore, Hartford.—[See Page 134.]



HOSPITAL TRAIN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

HOSPITAL TRAINS.

ONE of our special artists sends us from Chattanooga a sketch, which we here reproduce, representing A HOSPITAL TRAIN ON ITS WAY FROM THAT PLACE TO NASHVILLE, under the care of Dr. MYERS. Until very recently the transportation of our sick and wounded soldiers by rail has been attended with very severe suffering from the jostling motion of the car. It first occurred to a surgeon, while witnessing the intense agony of these poor fellows, that the difficulty might be obviated by mechanical means. Directly and upon the spot he sketched the model of a car, in the contrivance of which the problem was satisfactorily solved. The plan was immediately adopted by Government, and now constitutes the prominent feature of the hospital train. Food of the most nourishing kind is furnished the wounded men, who, when they have arrived at their journey's end, are taken directly to the hospital upon the same stretchers which answer as couches upon the car. These beds are suspended from India-rubber bands attached to the frame-work of car, and, yielding to the slightest motion of the car, are as comfortable as the beds of the hospital. Our artist has given not only an exterior view of the train, but also an interior of one of the cars, disclosing the arrangements by which the soldier's comfort is secured.



THE INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL CAR.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

We give on page 132 a faithful picture of the mass of ruins consequent upon the fire at Colt's Armory. Our admiration is especially excited as we glance at the confused *débris* of what was once a most magnificent and elaborate machinery in the country. This pile of stupendous cylinders, mingled with broken gearing and the bricks of the fallen structure, quite fills up the interior. The loss of machinery alone is estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars. If the steam-pipe used for heating the building were stretched out, it would extend a distance of about six miles. The crumbling mass of ruin reminds one very forcibly of the remains left of the stupendous buildings of antiquity.

[From Charles Dickens's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

The extra post-coach which carried Arthur and his fortunes had, by reason, no doubt, of its exceptional character, so many extra preliminaries to perform, and adieus to make, that it did not rumble finally from the yard of the Merry Privateer till after dusk. Government—which collective substantive, for reasons best known to itself, evinced quite a personal interest in this present coach-journey—had allowed fourteen hours for the vehicle to reach Harwich, a distance of seventy miles; and, as these would for the most part be hours of darkness, a trusty guard had been further provided to watch over its safety.

This individual, after the fashion of other important characters, made his appearance only at the last moment: and, when he did show, nearly frightened a nervous lady-passenger into hysterics by the multitude of lethal weapons sprinkled about his person.

Just before leaving, a very weighty square box, iron-bound, and secured with a most ostentatious padlock, was borne from the inner office, and let down with great care and ceremony into the fore-boot.

"Treasure," said a knowing passenger to his neighbor, with a wink.

"Oh, I do wish they wouldn't!" said the nervous lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Wouldn't what, ma'am?" said the formidable guard, bending his bushy brows.

"Put in money, please, Sir," said the lady, timidly. "It's like inviting them. Does government want us murdered, please?"

"They sent *me* to prevent it, ma'am," replied the haughty guard. "Jump in, if you please. Coach waits."

Five miles an hour, including stoppages, was regarded in those days as excellent speed. The extra post-coach disdained such creeping ways, and had been scarcely three hours on the road when they approached Ingatestone, nearly twenty miles from town.

A long hill, however, intervened, and the sudden change of pace aroused the dozing travelers to the knowledge that they were crawling up an ascent, lined on either hand by a bank and woodland. They were within a few yards of the summit of the hill, when a loud exclamation from the guard startled every body. The coach gave a rough jerk onward, as if the horses had been urged to sudden speed. Then came a halt, and an authoritative voice:

"Fling that down!"

Down went a blunderbuss on the road. It was that borne by the formidable guard. He had snapped it, honestly enough, at the speaker; but the piece had missed fire, the robber's pistol was at his head, and all the fire-weapons in the world could not have saved his skull.

With one hand the robber took away the guard's remaining arms, the other still holding the pistol about an inch from his eye. There was a moment's pause: then the coach-door was opened, and a white hand, sparkling with gems, but with the thumb black as ink, was extended into the circle.

"Forgive me! Purses. Quick, you please. The mail for London is coming. You know very well I can't search two coaches at once."

A rapid fumbling ensued, and several purses were put into the hand. Then commenced a reluctant tugging at watches.

"Keep those! Purses only! Now, Sir!" said the highwayman, touching Haggerdorn.

"I have not a purse, nor much of moneys," replied Arthur, "but—"

"What's that in your hand?"

"Only a—"

"A snuff-box. I've lost my own. Toss it hither."

"I'll die first," said the boy.

"Young fool!" was the only retort, as the practiced hand made one swoop into the coach and vanished with the snuff-box. "Enough, gentlemen! A good journey!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the nervous lady.

"Have they got the treasure, you?" inquired a male passenger of the discomfited guard.

"No, they *ain't* got the treasure," growled the latter. "For why? There wa'n't none. It were a trap, you see. The treasure's gone by the reg'lar coach. And the robber he know'd on it."

"This is a paternal government," said the passenger, dashing up the window. "Trap, indeed! Baited with the public!"

Every aggrieved individual feels for the public.

The coach was in the very act of getting into motion, when—

"Hold, there! Stop!" was shouted, and the steaming horse of the robber reappeared at the coach door. The glass dropped, as if it knew the touch of his finger.

"You—boy! Where did you steal this?" he questioned, roughly, thrusting forward the snuff-box.

"I steal not!" said Arthur, indignantly. "Zey found it in—"

The robber seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward, so that the light of the coach-lamps fell full upon both their faces. The upper part of the robber's face was covered with a black silk mask.

"You are a thief, Sir," he muttered. "I take you into my custody. Descend. Do you hear?"

Arthur was powerless in the man's gripe, and was obliged to obey.

"Drive on!" said the robber, leveling his pistol.

The coachman lashed his horses, and young Haggerdorn was left alone with his captor.

"Follow me, boy," said the latter, and, if you can trust a robber's word, be sure you shall receive no injury. [illegible] with you, and this is ticklish ground. Follow close."

He touched his horse with the spur, and sprang into the thicket, Arthur scrambling over the barrier as best he might. Threading the copse they crossed a field or two, entered [illegible] lane, [illegible] passed into an orchard, and stopped before a decent cottage. Here the robber dismounted, and allowing his horse, which seemed perfectly at home, to seek his own place of concealment, conducted Arthur into the hut. A fire was smouldering on the hearth. The robber flung upon it a bundle of dried furze, producing a blaze which made the room as light as day.

"Now, answer truly, boy. Where did you get this box?"

Arthur replied that it had been found in a house in Jermyn Street, left there by nobody knew whom.

"*You* know. Speak, Sir," said the robber, seizing him by both arms with force which, though gently exerted, seemed to paralyze every nerve.

Arthur hesitated.

"I can guess," he said.

"Who?"

"Lord Lob."

"Lord Beelzebub! These are the arms of—Who was your father, boy?"

"I never knew him."

"Your mother?"

"Dead."

The robber started.

"Dead!" (He drew his hand slowly across his brow.) "My boy, this was hers, your mother's and mine!"

"Yours!"

"I am Lord Lob, your brother."

Arthur turned white as ashes.

"And—and—ze murder?" he gasped.

"*The* murder, lad?" said Lord Lob, showing his white teeth. "Be more particular. Which murder? What affair concerned you?"

"I mean—in Jermyn Street—the—"

"Old Humpage? Ha!"

A light flashed across the casement. Next moment the door was dashed in, and the officer Armour, followed by half a dozen others, flung himself boldly on the Black-Thumb.

Whether the latter was actually confounded by the sudden onslaught, or, at once comprehending the hopelessness of escape, purposely forbore resistance—certain it is he was secured without difficulty—after which, Armour, turning to Arthur and congratulating him on the safety of his person and property, requested him to accompany them to the house of the magistrate, a short distance off. The young man, feeling as though walking in a dream, assented, and, the little dwelling having undergone a rapid search, without producing any thing of a suspicious nature, the party set forth.

CHAPTER X.

The demeanor of Lord Lob was singular, and contributed in no small degree to the confusion of Arthur's brain. Since his capture, the robber had neither turned his eyes toward his brother, nor had he addressed a single syllable to him nor to any one else. Still preserving the same strange silence, he was placed before Mr. Thickles, the magistrate of Ingatestone, who had apparently sat up to that unwonted hour in the expectation of such a visitor. Several of the coach-passengers and the guard were already in attendance; and so eager were these good folks in furthering the ends of justice that Arthur's testimony was not, for the present, required. The examination ended with the committal of the prisoner on the charge of highway robbery, the magistrate intimating that, by express order from the government, he would not be sent to the county prison, but to London, there to answer charges of a more serious nature.

So effectually, in fact, was Lord Lob compromised in the eye of the law through many a previous exploit, that it was scarcely deemed necessary to take the usual measures for securing his conviction on this charge, and it was finally settled that all the outward-bound witnesses, with the exception of Arthur Haggerdorn, who evinced no kind of reluctance to remain, should be allowed to proceed on their voyage.

A chaise was then ordered to convey the redoubted prisoner to town, and Arthur was about to follow the others from the room when Armour touched his arm, and showed the snuff-box.

"Where did you tell me you got this, young gentleman?"

"I tell you not," replied Arthur, "but I do now. Miss Humpage gave it."

"Hah!" said Mr. Armour. "Yes? Good-night, Sir...... Meant *you* to be him, did she then, my pretty?" soliloquized the officer, with an odd confusion of persons. "Now who'd have thought it? Deep, deep!"

Arthur found a lodging in the little village inn; but to sleep was out of the question, and he passed the greater part of the cheerless night sitting with his head buried in his hands, a prey to that complete despondency which, in such natures, succeeds, on a sudden check, to the highest hope. His guiding star had fallen, and left him in darkness. Polly was lost to him. His own brother was probably her father's assassin. He himself might be called upon to take some share in the convicting testimony, and this officer would claim the rich reward.

Mr. Armour and Lord Lob rode together in the chaise, two of the former's satellites, well armed, seated on the box, and four others trotting merrily alongside. There was no apprehension of any attempt at rescue, and the worthy officer, who felt the continued silence act painfully upon his own exhilaration of spirit, did his utmost to cheer and lead his companion into discourse. The illustrious prisoner remained inscrutable. He replied, courteously indeed, but curtly, and neither smile nor retort rewarded Mr. Armour's exertions. The white fine face gazed millions of miles away, and the officer felt, with disgust, that he was no better company for his captive than an indifferently-trained baboon might have been for Socrates.

Moreover, as they drew near London in the early dawn, an expression passed at intervals over the robber's face, which went near to appall even Armour. Such a look it was that, in the case of a wretched woman condemned some years since to die for many murders, all but scared the watchers from her cell. Frightful throe of the awakened spirit, in its last despairing effort to pierce upward through the load of suffocating crime!

Sufficiently cognizant of the workings of the guilty mind to form some idea of what was passing in Lord Lob's, Armour resolved to make an attempt to turn it to account, and, accordingly, began in an easy tone:

"That was a nice May-game you played *me*, my lord, now wasn't it? But, bless my body, of all the queer matters you've put a hand to, that what d'ye call it—yonder—Jermyn Street way—was about the queerest! Whatever your folks wanted with that old chap, bothers *me*; and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, it did bother me. We gave it up. Soon as we knew for certain 'twas a plant of yours, up we gave it: 'It's just one of his games,' says the governor, 'p'r'aps for fun.' But there's people that don't like mystery and, I tell you what—no, I won't, for you seem out o' sorts, and I, ah, ah—" concluded Mr. Armour, with a yawn, and sinking back into his corner.

The prisoner turned, and looked at him with something of his old humorous expression.

"Out with it, Henry," he said.

"Come, that's better, my lord. *That's* what I like to see!" rejoined the officer. "You and me have jogged on together a good many years, comfortable, on different sides of the way to be sure. Now you win, now I. Lots of doubles you've run upon us, but we've got three-fifths of them originals you set up with, and now we've got *you*, so that's even."

"Not quite," said the prisoner.

"Now what's the use of your contesting that?" asked the officer, as if rather injured. "You might do a deal better than *that*. Ah, here we are in London. We shall soon shake hands, my lord—"

"Shall we? Then push on, Henry, my boy, with what you are dying to say."

"Well, here it is, my lord. You ain't a common cracksman," said the officer, deferentially; "I wouldn't be so rude as to say you was. Naturally, folks like to know something of your ways and workings, and what a man like you meant by such and such things, that seemed no particular good to any body. There's nothing the public pays for more sweetly than curiosity. Bless you, they don't care *what* they pay to know why's why! Now you're booked, you'll have letters every day, perhaps bookys and billydoos, but all wanting to know about this, that, and t'other. You'll want a secretary, my lord!"

"Accept the post, my Henry," said Lord Lob, leaning back wearily.

"I can't, my lord; you've no confidence in me even now, when it don't signify this pinch of snuff," said the officer, drawing out the mysterious box, as if abstractedly. "Now, for example, this reminds me. Here's a business, which don't matter, for you're not going to be bothered about *that*. Yet the old man's daughter would give—I declare I don't know what that girl wouldn't give—to know what went of her father! But it's no manner of use your telling. A thousand pound, nor ten, would be no good to you."

"What *does* she offer?"

"As if you didn't know, my lord!" said the other, with affected disbelief.

"Suppose me ignorant, Henry. What does the young lady propose?"

"To marry the man who finds out who spirited away her father, alive or dead. And her fortune, which is her own, isn't less than one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Armour, almost solemnly. "Now, *there's* a chance in a poor fellow's way!"

There was a minute's profound silence. Then their eyes met. The prisoner made a slight movement, that might be interrogative, with his head. Armour shook his.

"Can't do that, noways, my lord; but I'll tell you what, if there's any thing or any body you want looked to after the—you know, I'll give you my bond for five thousand."

"I'll think of it," was the reply. After which not another word was exchanged till the gloomy walls of Newgate received the illustrious prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

Arthur returned to London within a few hours of his brother, but feeling utterly unable, under the changed circumstances, to face his former home, engaged a small lodging in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and then (in accordance with directions he had received from the police) walked down to the prison to communicate his address. Requested to walk into the governor's room that functionary accosted him in a very civil tone.

"You are claimed, I understand, Sir," he remarked, "by our latest arrival—a personage but too well known—as his near relation, though for many years a stranger. Is it so? Are you his brother?"

Arthur replied that he had, at present, no other testimony than the assertion of the person in question; but that he was well aware that his mother had had a son older than himself, of whose death she had never received assurance.

"Nature, at all events, throws in *her* evidence," said the governor, looking steadily at him. "I have seldom seen a more extraordinary resemblance."

Then adding that the prisoner had requested that his brother, and he only, might be admitted to his cell, he committed Arthur to the charge of a turnkey, and in another minute, in the strongest room in the prison, the two brothers stood once more face to face.

"Sit down, Arthur Haggerdorn, and make yourself comfortable," said Lord Lob, "and don't interrupt me so long as you understand, for you speak an odd sort of lingo for a Briton. We are quite alone (no, that fellow's a dummy—stone-deaf)," glancing at a warder who sat in a corner of the cell. "So you needn't sing out if I own that I am the greatest miscreant that ever scourged mankind. If I could only tell how, when, and why, I embraced scoundrelism as a profession, it might be useful; but I can't. I was flung into the world a little lump of iniquity and my soul was never scraped from its beginning. There's a crack in the crust now, or *you* wouldn't be here to peep into it, take your oath of that! Our father, Lord Hawkweed, was a scoundrel (I beg the peerage's pardon)—a scoundrel, I remark, a poltroon, and, I hope, for his own sake, a madman too. He gave me bread, that's true—not much even of that—he cheated my mother—*our* mother, with a mock-marriage (you've no chance of the coronet, my boy!)—deserted her; very likely broke her heart. How the devil, with such a fellow's blood in your veins, *you* ever esc—— I forgot our mother, child," added the robber, almost apologetically, as he half-extended his hand, then instantly withdrew it. "But time presses; this is not what I want to say. You're in love, boy. That's enough. Don't answer. In love with Miss Jermyn Street—what's her name?—Miss Humpage, who considers me the murderer of her substantial sire, and has commissioned you to track me out as the price of her hand. She gave you that snuff-box as a talisman, thinking, I suppose, that it would leap from your pocket at the owner's approach! How did she know that box belonged to my mother?"

"She did not know that, nor even *I* that," said Arthur. "My mother must have concealed ze box of purpose. Armour, ze officer, said it had been yours."

"Not *mine*. My father's," said the robber. "However, boy, it seems you've caught me. And *now?*"

Arthur gazed wistfully at his brother, but made no reply.

"Tell her," resumed the latter, speaking slowly, "tell her—I am sorry to disappoint you—sorry, too, for my own reputation, for, by the blood of all the Hawkweeds that ever poisoned air, it was as clever a thing as I can remember; but, Arthur, boy, your own hand is not clearer of that old man's blood than mine."

"God be praised!" said Arthur, fervently.

"That's kind, at least, since it may cost you your bride!" remarked Lord Lob. "I owe you something in return, my boy. Stay a moment; let me think." (He paused for a minute.) "If this Jermyn Street affair were the work of any London hand I *must* have known who was in it. No; 'tis impossible. Now, there's a tidy knot of Halifax boys—'tis much their style of work—pluck, and finish. But, then, Caunter would have been down on his old pals: *that* won't do. Jilling George, of Liverpool? Just the cull. Exactly the kind of fancy-business he takes to. It's some foreign game, Arthur, rely upon it. Now, my friend, Jilling George jabbers Dutch and French like a magpie; there must have been much to arrange; they could have gone to nobody but him. 'Twas Jilling George, or nobody.... Be off now, boy, and come to me to-morrow at noon."

He made so imperative a gesture that Arthur was fain to obey without a word; and returned, sadly enough, to his humble lodging.

News at that period was neither swift nor sure. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of twenty-seven Jermyn Street were still at breakfast, when a rumor, dating from the delivery of the milk, began to circulate in the house that the past night had been signalized by an important capture—no less than the redoubted chieftain of the Black-Thumbs—while the apparition of Mistress Ascroft at her window, making wild and agitated but unintelligible signs, gave a sort of color to the further report that the Harwich road had been the scene of, and the extra post-coach a sharer in, the adventure.

Presently arrived Mr. Hartshorne in high excitement. Yes. It was true. The coach had been stopped and plundered, the guard having been first disarmed. Nothing could exceed the cowardice of the passengers, male and female, who, at sight of the black thumb, permitted themselves to be stripped like lambs, until one of the party (a very young man, who had hitherto been unable to disengage his arms from his roquelaure) leaped from the carriage, flung himself upon the assailant, and, though dragged through a hedge and several fields, succeeded at length in mastering his antagonist and delivering him up to a mounted patrol, who most opportunely made his appearance.

Great as was the difficulty of identifying this intrepid champion with the slight and delicate young artist, love might have overcome the obstacle had not the arrival of more authentic tidings saved him the trouble. A note from Sir James Polhill, without especially mentioning Armour, announced the capture of the noted robber by a party of police, detached with that express design.

Then passed a long and anxious morning, unrelieved by further news, Polly wandering about, utterly unable to devote her thoughts to any of usual occupations. What was to be the result. Was Lord Lob in reality the guilty person? Hopeless as was the unfortunate man's situation, would he not surely confess? The conviction of the authorities that the outrage was of this man's contriving was strong as ever, and Polly herself had learned to regard it as a fact. The vengeance she had invoked was about to descend. Her afther's death would be expiated. And then—the reward?....

Later that day the prisoner requested an interview with his captor.

Mr. Armour, who had taken care to be within easy call, hastened to the prisoner.

"Henry, you're an ass," was Lord Lob's greeting. "It won't do. Stick, my boy, to the shop. You understand me perfectly, and you'll take my advice, Henry, because you can't help it. I entertain for you (it grieves me to think won't believe it) a sincere professional regard. Had partial fortune placed you in my gang you would shortly have been a man, Sir, equal to myself—nobility excepted—in every quality that commands the respect and obedience of energetic practitioners in the higher walks of that art which gives you and your fellows bread. You might have bequeathed a reputation. But why dwell upon lost opportunities? As I was saying, I like you, and I don't mind putting a tolerable thing in your way, though not precisely what my worthy Henry—misled by a low but pardonable ambition—proposed to himself. Hear, then, my friend. We Black-Thumbs knew nothing of the Humpage plant. It was a foreign seed, sown, impudently enough, in my parterre. You wronged us, Henry—but the injury is lost in the compliment—for, by my coronet, 'twas a masterly thing! Now, Sir, I can put this black thumb upon the man who did it, and I *will.*"

Armour's eyes glistened, and he had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction; but, aware that Lord Lob, when in a talking mood, especially disliked interruption, discreetly held his peace.

"*This*, Henry," resumed his lordship, "is the business. I will point out the individual I speak of to—to the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn, second son of the Earl of Hawkweed, brother, that is, to your humble servant. The young dog, forgetful of his noble blood, has fallen in love with the plebeian heiress of this Humpage. He must marry her, good Henry, not *you*, do you see? The hopes of Hawkweed centre in him, and they are of greater import than the promotion of a jolly redbreast like thee. Besides, Henry, you know too much of rascal ways. Once admitted among the swells, not a man of them would be safe. But, mark me, on the day the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn marries Miss What-you-may-call-it Humpage, Henricus Armorius pockets five thousand pounds. Is it a bargain? If so, thy fist, Henry! If not, go thy ways, and say—say truly—that thou hast heard the last accents from the lip of Lob."

Henry knew well enough that, spite of the affected bombast, the robber was in earnest. The fist was given.

"Imprimis (that is, Henry, in the first place), a pass for Bob Caunter. Let him be with me this evening," resumed the prisoner.

"Why, you know it's impossible, my lord," cried Armour, really surprised. "He's wanted over, and over, and over again, is Bob."

"Let the want stand 'over.' *I* want him, and must have him. Get the pass."

"Supposing I did, he wouldn't come," replied the officer, reluctantly.

"Try him," said Lord Lob.

And the interview concluded.

The prisoner was right. Sir James Polhill, on learning the substance of this conversation (bar that portion relating to finance), readily conceded the pass. Mr. Caunter, communicated with through a friendly channel, was speedily unearthed, disguised, and admitted within those walls it had been the business of his life (after crime) to avoid. It was curious to see this miscreant, "clothed on" with his one virtue, fidelity, entering the tomb-like prison with the step of a prince, and standing before his doomed captain without a shade of emotion, save that which had its source in the latter's "misfortune."

The conversation, conducted in the thieves' tongue, was brief and pithy, and may be concisely rendered somewhat as follows:

"Blubbering, old boy?" said my lord.

"(Do a variety of things to) my eyes if I know what's come to 'em!" replied Mr. Caunter, affecting a delicate surprise. "But this ain't a good thing to see."

"My love to the lads. Bid them take warning. Cut the road. It's low and bad. I always said so, and what on earth prompted me to that high toby touch last night, top me if I can say! I could almost feel a hand on my prad's bridle dragging him on. No matter. Jilling George of Liverpool."

"What of he?"

"Wanted."

"Is he to go?"

"Yes, he is. Had a good spell."

"That's true, but—"

"But what?"

"'Tis the first time—ever—you—we—"

"Split. I know it," said his leader, fiercely. "Bob, he did me an ill turn once. Besides, I'm insulted. That fellow did the neatest thing of the day, here, under our very noses, and without a 'By your leave, my lord.' It has been the business of my life to unite the recognized courtesies of refined society with the sterner exigencies of our profession. You don't understand, my Bob. To put it simply: should *we* have cracked a Liverpool crib without a word to Jilling George? Bob, he goes. Tip the office."

"Very good, said Mr. Caunter, perfectly resigned to his comrade's fate. "*What* was it you said he's wanted about?"

"Thing in Jermyn Street—Humpage. Go you to my brother; here's the address. Put him on the trail. If *he* finds the man, he marries the heiress. He'll reward."

"Hallo, stop! *He'd* no hand in it."

"Who?" demanded Lord Lob.

"Jilling George."

"Pshaw! 'tis no one else."

"Just what I was going to say."

"What?"

"'Tisn't nobody else."

"Neither George nor nobody else? You don't mean that—"

"Yes, I do."

The two robbers looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter that almost infected the deaf "dubsman."

"Since when have you known this, Bob?" asked Lord Lob.

"Week past."

"Can you put your hand upon him?"

"Know the doss-ken" (lodging).

"All right. Go to my brother, tell him every thing, as you would to me, and say I bade you trust him for reward—and—and good-by, Bob, my boy."

"Oh, captain! here's a—" began Bob, relapsing into tenderness.

"Vamoos, boy," said Lord Lob, hastily. "The dubsman's scran's coming. Remember, your captain was neither buzz-gloak, chaunter-cull, nor sneaksman; never foxed, nor mooched, fit cocum, nor faked a fadge, nor will he be at last lagged for a ramp! The worst the patterer round the Government sign-post can say will be that Lord Lob was a leary gloak, and even *that* his noble blood demanded. Wherefore, Robert, stow whids, tip the jigger-dubber a tusheroon, clench daddles, and bing awast, my ben cull."

Translated from what may be called (at *that* period) the language of Tyburnia into modern Belgravian, the chieftain's farewell might be rendered thus:

"You may retire, my friend. The turnkey's evening meal is about to arrive. Recollect that your leader was neither an appropriator of loose cash, a writer of libelous and immoral songs, nor a petty, cowardly shop-lifter. He never swindled, nor sponged upon his neighbors, fought backwardly, nor filched a farthing. The worst those street biographers who throng about the gallows can say will be that Lord Lob was a remarkably well-dressed individual, a circumstance perfectly consonant with his high birth. Wherefore, Robert, talk no more, hand the turnkey a crown, shake hands, and begone, my good fellow."

THE HEART OF MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE sun went down, and the moon came up. Miriam Clyde saw both from the room where she was sitting. It was a long wing running out into the pleasant garden at the north of the house, with three windows opening to the east, and one great bay-window to the west, each side of which were Miriam's favorite books, in alcoves fashioned for them in the wall. The quaint room had been built for her by her father—a birthday gift from an always lavish hand. Every inch of it was her own taste, from the dainty carpet and delicate paper, to the queer-shaped tables, the quaint desk, the pictures, and the bijouterie. The Clytie looking out of the corner, with steadfast eyes and the beauty of a dream on the brow of marble, was, somebody said, Miriam's household god, to whom she did homage in some strange pagan fashion of her own.

She certainly loved the room and all its belongings. She had passed many dreaming, happy, solitary days there—for hers was, in some senses, a lonely life. Father and mother she had; but her father was president, or superintendent, or in some way the master-spirit of long lines of railroad, and passed his time in mysterious journeys, whose only apparent result was disturbing his family by a midnight arrival two or three times a week. Her mother, from chronic headaches, was intensely nervous, and had a Southern desire to be let alone. So Miriam found that charm in books and solitude that so many other girls find in a cheerful home circle.

So many phases of feeling had come to her in her pleasant room: and there, this afternoon, love had sought her out. Hammond Vinton had found her there, and told her the long-cherished secret of his heart. She had accepted him—that was at mid-afternoon—and then she had made him leave her alone, and had sat there ever since, through the sun-setting and the moon-rising, wondering and doubting over what she had done.

She had no definite idea whether she him or not. Ignorant she was of the world and the world's ways—most ignorant of all of her own heart. She could make no excuse to herself for promising to marry this first lover of hers, except because he had asked her. She had found his friendship pleasant. What his love would be she could not yet tell. She began to think it was an experiment she did not care to try. There would be something fearful, it seemed, in belonging no more to herself, but to another—giving that other a right to thoughts and fancies as well as heart-beats.

She rose at last, bewildered with thinking, and threw open her window. She looked out into the August night, restless, odorous, pulsing with stars. The fragrance from her heliotrope bed stole up to her. It was an hour which, all together—stars, low wind, mystical flower-fragrance—she would never forget. It seemed to her that her heart came out, and stood like another being beside her. She began to know it better. She saw what its power of loving was; how much it held of vague, ungathered sweetness. Then she tried to think what claim Hammond Vinton had to be its monarch.

He was handsome, certainly, in a careless, negligent, graceful fashion of his own. She could see him as plainly as if he stood there in the moonlight. The vigorous, well-knit figure; the bold brow and dark hair; the eyes resolute and clear, to her only very tender; the proud features; the clearly-cut mouth, with a little haughtiness in its expression which the dark mustache did not conceal—a gentleman in all lights. Yet what *else* was he? Had he any purpose in life—any strong fibre of manhood? What was he ready to do and dare? Did his gifts and graces do any good? What had he that he would carry with him, when his summons came, out beyond stars and clouds into the Everlasting presence?

That was not all. The one great question, which constantly asked itself over again, was, did she love him?

She had a girl's notions about love—a dreaming girl, learned in poetry and fiction, and unlearned in life. She had exaggerated love's sweetness to her fancy; had thought of it so long as some new, strange revelation, instant and undoubted as a new birth; and now had it come, and was this all? She grew momently more and more dissatisfied, until at last she resolved to take the shears of Fate into her own hands, and cut away a few threads from the web that had been woven about her.

She expected her father home that night, and had given her lover leave to see him in the morning. That must not be. Till she was more certain of her own heart he must not ask her of her father. She would tell him all she felt; and then, if he would not take no for his answer, he must wait a little and give her time. Having settled matters thus, she handed back Fate's scissors, shut out heliotrope scent, night air, stars, and moonlight, and went up stairs to her maiden chamber.

Being on the watch next day, she contrived to meet Vinton in the hall, and take him to her own parlor, before he had had time to ask for Mr. Clyde. He saw something in her eyes that boded him little pleasure; and before she spoke at all he had steeled himself to bear what was coming, and made up his mind how to meet it.

She told him all her thoughts of the night before, with that innocent, unconscious child's manner of hers; dealing blows, it seemed, with an iron mace, and fancying she held only a feather. There were a good many words, but all their meaning was included in the one declaration that she did not think she loved him enough to be engaged to him.

He heard her through, silently; then looked at her with grave, pained eyes, but with unchanged tenderness in his face, and, when he spoke, with unchanged sweetness in his voice.

"I am sorry, Miriam; but if that is your deliberate thought I can not complain. I dare not urge you against your own heart; for to be engaged when you felt that you did not love me enough would be as bad for me as for you. I am not cool enough of nature to be happy with a woman of whose heart I was not certain."

It had not been so difficult, after all, to make him take no for his answer. She had expected passionate reproaches, vehement persuasions. She was totally unprepared for this unaltered dignity, this calm composure. She began to think she had known very little, after all, of the real Hammond Vinton. A new respect began to spring up for him, as his manner gave her the impression of deeps in his nature that she had not fathomed. With sudden timidity she faltered,

"You will not let this make us strangers, when we have been friends so long?"

Again the sad, kind look, the forbearing smile.

"You do not understand me, Miriam, if you think it possible for me to give up the happiness of your friendship because of an honesty which I know to be genuine, and for which I honor you. If I hoped for more than you can give, it was my misfortune, let me bear "

It was of him, she thought, so completely to ignore the one fact for which she could not cease to hold herself to blame—the having accepted him, not knowing her own mind, the day before: very noble to pass that by, and thank her for an honesty which had been so tardy. Yet somehow in her secret heart she was not quite satisfied. She began to wonder whether he had indeed loved her so well as he said yesterday, or whether he too had been betrayed into an enthusiasm which his after-thought did not sustain.

He did not stay very long—did not linger, as he used, to read a little, or to get her to sing to him. She felt that, after all, there was going to be a difference. Something was gone from the frank freedom of their friendship: would it ever come back?

She could have cried about it like a grieved child; but just then her mother sent for her to get ready for a drive to town: one of the prolonged shopping expeditions with which it was Mrs. Clyde's custom to alternate her headaches.

It was a tedious day. Miriam was not in a mood to study the respective merits of green and blue, or to decide between taffetas and moire antique. She found the light in the stores bad. She was sure the smart shopmen had an extra curl in their hair, an extra gloss on their linen; were more ostentatiously civil and disagreeably polite than ever. She went home at night weary, and experienced relief in finding that her father had gone away again, and her mother was tired enough to go to bed. She was at liberty to be alone.

Again, as before, she opened the window of her room and looked out into the night. She had need of its coolness, its sympathetic silence. Last night she had asked herself whether she loved Hammond Vinton enough to marry him. Now her question was whether she were glad that their newly-formed engagement had been broken off. Now, as then, she wondered whether she had been too hasty.

The way in which he had received her decision had somehow changed her estimate of him. Some reserved power must be the secret of his kind calmness—for, now she thought it all over, she could not doubt his love. She remembered what he had said only a day ago—the tender, passionate words that had revealed his heart. They carried with them sure conviction of his truthfulness, and he could not have changed already. She was forced to solve the mystery by the key which his own words gave her. His nature was too intense to bear any coldness or uncertainty. It was not so much that he was too proud to sue as that a love so tardily yielded would not satisfy him. Of course he was right. Certainly she did not love him enough, or she would never have doubted the night before. It must be all for the best.

And so, trying to be glad and thankful for her release, yet not altogether captivated by freedom, again she shut out flower-fragrance and night air, starlight and moonlight, and went up stairs.

It was a whole week before she saw Vinton again. She had never missed him so much before, though he had often staid away as long. When he came at length it was to find half dozen guests before him in the drawing-room—friends whom the lovely August moon had tempted out to "The Cedars."

There was no opportunity to see him alone. The communication he had come on purpose to make, with a secret wish to see how she would take it, had to be shared with others. He was going to the seat of war. A commission had been offered him, and, as he was living an idle life just then, he had felt that he had no right to refuse it. This was a good-by visit, for he was to march next day.

When he went, the temptation to step into the hall with him was irresistible. Her mother was in the drawing-room, so there was no positive rudeness in slipping out for just the good-by word she craved.

"We *do* part friends—you are sure?" with hand upon his arm and beseeching eyes raised to his face.

He was but mortal, and he loved her. He bent over her suddenly, and pressed one long kiss on her lips, whose despairing tenderness thrilled strangely down to the very depths of her heart. But he only *said:*

"Good-by, my friend. We *are* friends, and I know you will not forget to put my name sometimes among those you pray for."

Only that, and he was gone. What meant that wrench at her heart-strings? Had she cared more for him, after all, than she had thought? There was no use in self-questioning. She went back to her guests, and sang and played merry tunes for them. Jest and repartee sparkled on her lips, her eyes filled with a brilliant light, a color born of her reckless mood flamed on her cheeks. When they went away they all said how gay Miriam had grown, and how handsome—a little heartless, though. Such friends as every body knew she had been with Hammond Vinton; and now to see her take his going away just as coolly as if he were about to start on a pleasure trip to Saratoga.

If they could have seen her when at last she was all alone! For one thing she was thankful. It had not been his disappointment in her that had sent him away. The very day he first asked for her love he had spoken of going, and talked of how much rather he would leave her his wife—his own, so that if any thing happened she would come to him. She had thought little about his words then; for he was not of a kind—the handsome, indolent fellow—from whom it seems natural to expect self-sacrifice. Now she saw how much in earnest he had been. Perhaps if he had found her alone, and asked again for her love, the result would have been different. No matter for speculations. The hour was over. If she had let her one splendid possibility of happiness go by her, it would be idle to seek it again, even with tears. And perhaps all was for the best. She certainly had not been sure that she loved him.

Still she grew a little paler through those autumn months that followed. She read the papers anxiously. Battle rumors dismayed her as they had never done before. She was not gloomy, however. Once that she had read the news, and found no accident to any one she knew, she was ready to be a more entertaining and devoted daughter, a kinder friend than in the days of her careless happiness. It may be that a certain secret sorrow of her own softened her heart—a sorrow unconfessed even to herself, until, at last, tidings came which taught her self-knowledge.

Winter had gone by, and the battle news came with the spring days. A field won; but, wounded and dying, a long, ghastly list of brave heroes—every name piercing some heart with a pang sharp as a sword-thrust. Among the names, *his.* Wounded severely, Captain Hammond Vinton. Suddenly the truth grew plain. If he died the sun of her life would set in his grave, and she must walk on in the night till the dawn of an eternal morning.

She could not go to him. She had no right; and there was no way in which she could get special tidings. Would he live or die? How slowly the days went by! How she questioned if every morning sun shone upon his living face! How she longed to know of every sunset whether its red rays fell athwart his grave! If he could only live! She thought she could bear that he should never forgive the past—that he should be nothing to her any more—if only she could know that he was in the same world; hear his voice sometimes; sometimes look into his eyes.

Six weeks went by, six weeks of suspense, and uncertainty, and weary waiting. If she had been his wife or his betrothed, so that she could have gone to him and nursed him, it would have been easier. It was the being shut out from all chance of helping him or hearing from him that was half killing her.

There came at last a night in June when she was alone in her northern room. She had been thinking the past over—all his words, and all hers—how she had thrown away his love. It was her nightly penance. She grew fevered and restless, and she sat down by her western window and leaned out toward the flowers which perfumed the June night with their sweet odors. She did not hear her door open. She started when she felt a touch upon her shoulder, and turned around to see Hammond Vinton standing there, his face pale as death, his figure attenuated, one sleeve empty at his side, and only the old smile curving his mustached lip to tell her it was not his wraith.

She was too weak to bear such a surprise. The color fled from face and lips, and she sank helpless and white as a wreath of snow at the feet of the returned soldier.

He called for no assistance, only drenched her with the contents of an odor-casket on the table. Presently she opened her eyes, and met a glance which thrilled her heart with a new hope of forgiveness.

"Do you love me now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Enough to be engaged?"

"Yes."

"And you are ready to take a husband with one arm, whom you would not have when he had two?"

"Yes, you will be easier to manage."

Then, with tearful eyes and low tones,

"I learned how much I wanted you by finding how much I missed you."

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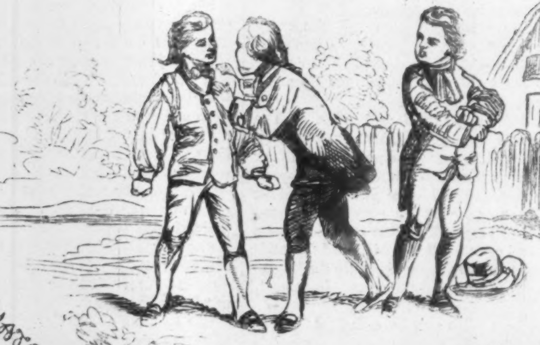

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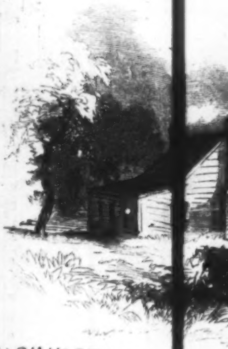

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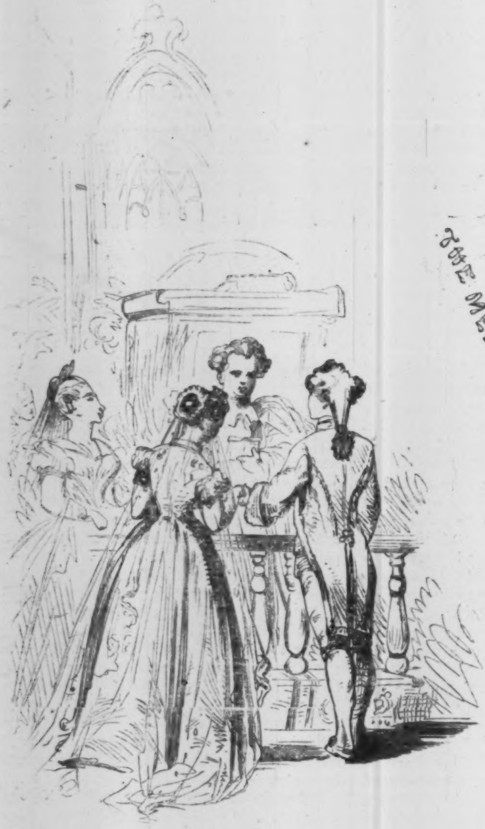

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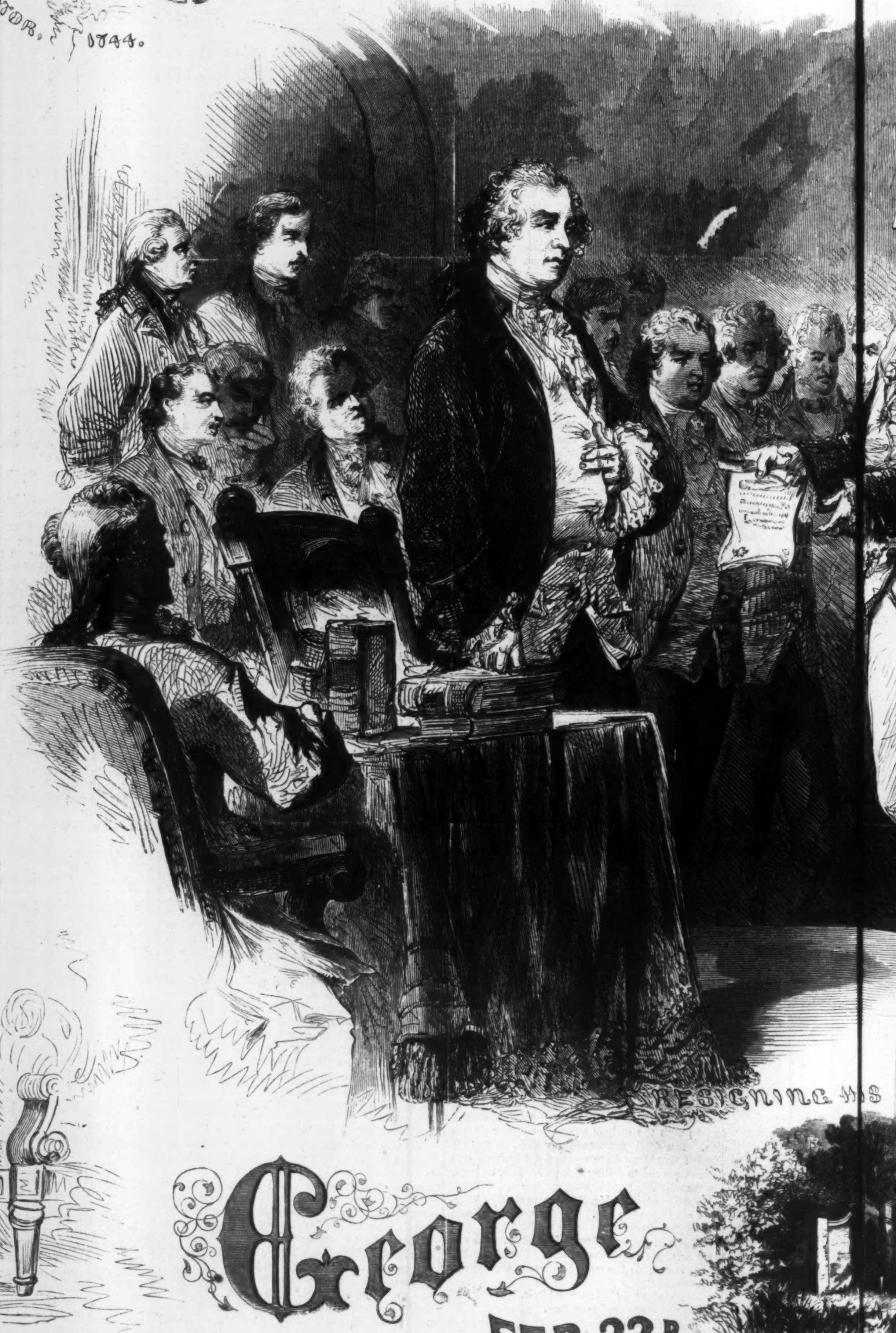
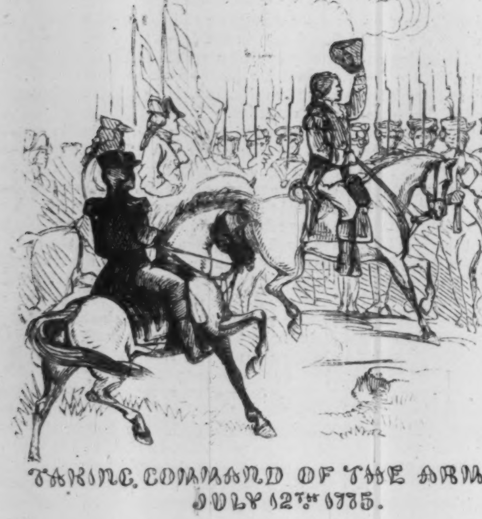
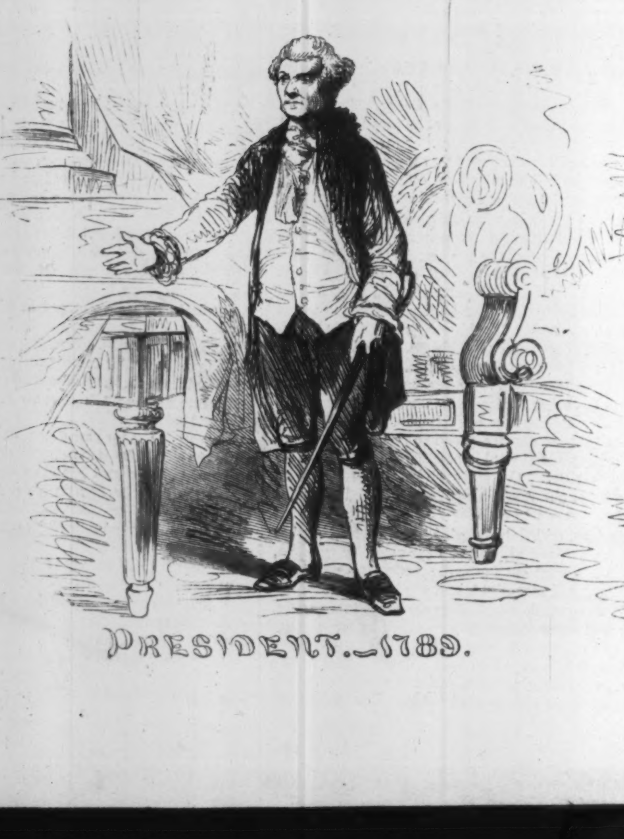


RESIGNING HIS



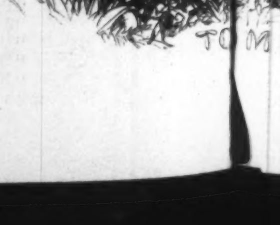
TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY.
JULY 12th 1775.



PRESIDENT.—1789.

George

FEB. 22d



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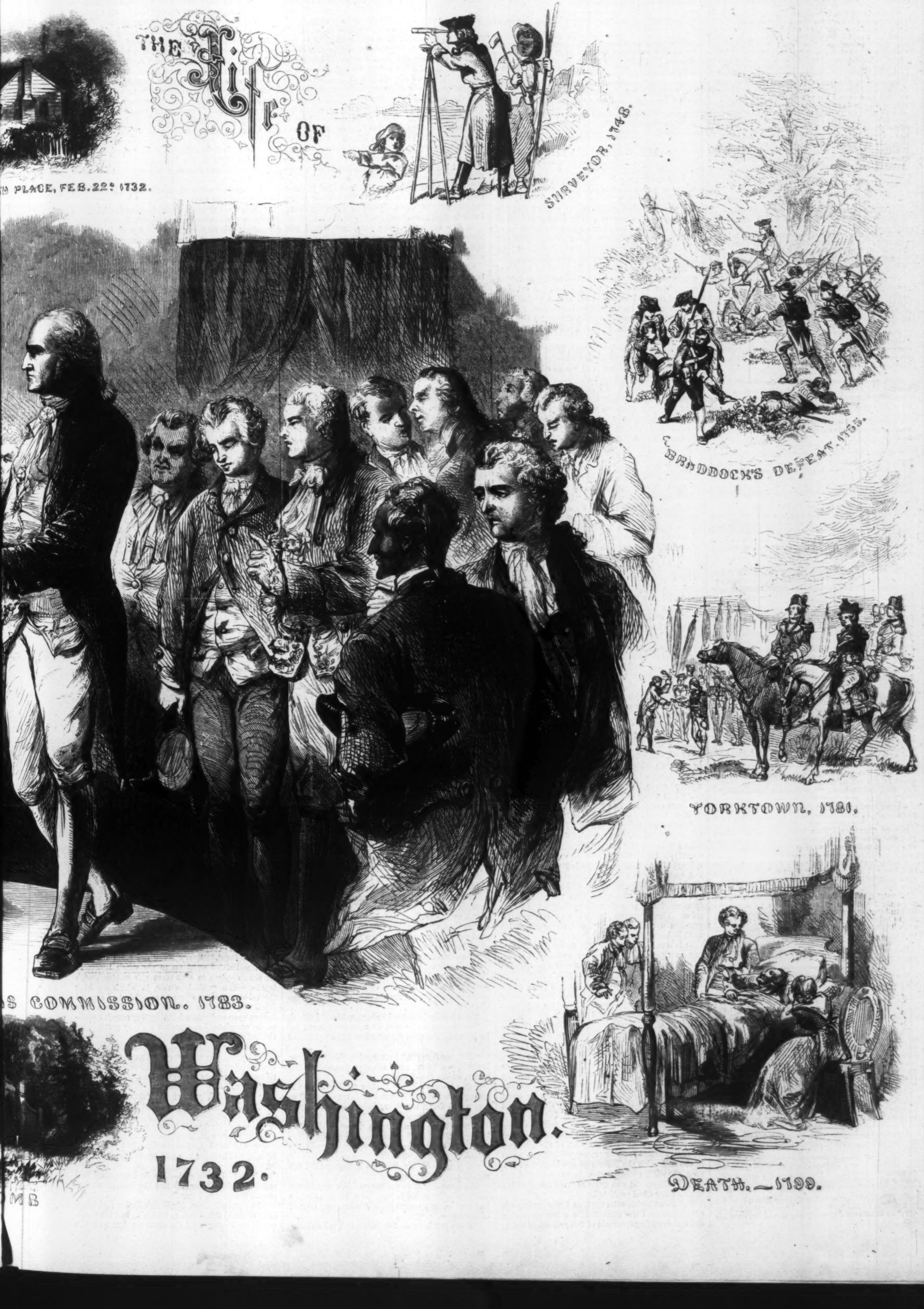
PLACE, FEB. 22D 1732.
THE Life OF
SURVEYOR, 1748.
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, 1755.
YORKTOWN, 1781.
S COMMISSION. 1783.
Washington.
1732.
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DEATH.—1799.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FARMER, more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, wrote to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premium offered, and added, as a postscript, as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of a premium."

"I see," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, "that a great many of the officers of our army are following the advice I used to give to my dear husband, and I am glad to see it. I read every day in the papers about Captain So-and-so's resignation. Now I don't know what trouble they may have had, but 'tis a blessed thing to be resigned. My poor Partington used to suffer from something that he called a want of congeniality in my nature for him. I couldn't make out exactly what he meant, but I looked in the Dictionary, and found that congeal means to freeze; so I suppose I was a little too warm-hearted for him, and the poor man wanted me to be kind o' stiff and icy. I used to tell him to be resigned to his lot, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind to it; if he had I should have been so tickled I expect I should have put his resignation in the papers same as folks do nowadays. I felt kind o' bad when Partington died, but the parson told me to be resigned; and when I found he had left me and Ike comfortably well to do in the world, I felt resignation more and more every day, and hope these army officers are all enjoying the same great blessing."

GOOD ADVICE TO EVERY BODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak,
And how—and when—and where.

A farmer, who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a flitch of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "I hanna' yet made up my mind whether I shall kill myself this year, or take a side of my father."

"When I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" asked his sympathizing friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

Smith made an assertion to Jones. Jones replied that was a confounded lie—kely story. Smith first started, and then blandly requested Jones to be kind enough to place his syllables closer together upon the next occasion.

He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

A philosophic and self-possessed ship captain was passing through a church-yard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up behind a tombstone, and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick and gave him a crack over the head, asking him "what he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour?"

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage-coach, was amused by a constant fire of words between two ladies. One of them, at last, kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of *naïveté*, "No ma'am, I've been married twenty-eight years."

The other day a gentleman holding an official position, gave a rising young man his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the mug for drinking purposes.

ARTFUL DODGING.—*Master:* "Whaur was the text the day, Jock?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I was owre lang o' gaun in." *Master:* "What was the conclusion?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I cam' oot afore he was done." *Master:* "What did he say about the middle o't, then?" *Apprentice:* "I dinna ken—I sleepit a' the time."

While we are writing a little fellow opposite our window is stealing a plank from a fence: living has become so high he is trying to get his *board* for nothing.

The most important is the first storm both in the spring of the year and in the married state; nearly all the others are likely to come from the same quarter.

A married lady found her two sons quarreling, and, in hopes of putting an end to their differences, uttered the following: "You young rascals, if you don't desist directly I'll tell both your fathers."

A countryman being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, Sir," answered the man; "I was born in Lincolnshire."

A paper speaks of a man "who died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are exceedingly rare.

INNATE GOODNESS.—What the world calls "innate goodness" is very often a full stomach, and what it terms vice is quite as frequently an empty bread-basket.

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, speaking of the poor of Ireland, says: "Many thousands of them were often destitute of the only food they possessed."

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, "when you enter the state of alimony, choose a voracious and well-uniformed young woman. Then, my dear, your love will be infernal and your posterity certain." Ike looked exceedingly solemn, and proceeded to put molasses on the door knobs.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new-mades to the old maids.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

Hadji Sidi Beni Assand, on the return voyage to Madras, after his pilgrimage, was caught in a terrible storm, and recollecting that he had violated Mohammedan law by indulging in swine's flesh on a particular occasion, he made a due confession, and prayed for a cessation of the storm. All was in vain; the storm raged on; and the Hadji, losing his temper and piety, pettishly exclaimed, "What a fuss about a little pork!"

A club-boat has just been built which is so nicely poised that the rowers are obliged to part their hair in the middle to keep their balance.

If you ever become so sick that you can't keep any thing on your stomach try a mustard plaster, that will stick sure.

A gentleman, whose father had been hanged, was accustomed to say of him—"He died suddenly upon a platform at a large public meeting."

Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog; Brown hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," he doesn't see why every Day should not have his dog.

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here ish to de heroes what fit, pled, and died at the battle of Bull Run—of which I am one."

THE NEW GUN.—The "Infant Prince," the six-pounder.

Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

If a woman was to change her sex, what religion would she be?—A He-then.

Some time since a person, more ingenious than scrupulous, paid a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the expiration of that period, the owner found it was payable two months after *death* instead of after *date*.

A young lady recently lost her temper, to the great delight of her friends, as it was a very bad one.

A "ladies' shoemaker" advertises himself boldly as one of "the sole her system!"

MY WIFE'S FATHER.

I.

I AM naturally a benevolent man, and more inclined to pardon than to punish.

I acknowledge that human justice is fallible; that the innocent often suffer for the guilty; that the penalty is, occasionally, cruelly disproportioned to the offense; that social prejudices are begotten of selfishness and unreason; that the reformation and rehabilitation of the criminal are higher duties than the punishment of the crime. And so forth.

But my late experience of the practical results of a certain philanthropy has tended fatally to harden my nature, and render me skeptical. A continuance of the trial would, in all human probability, pervert me into an obstinate misanthrope.

When I say "*a certain* philanthropy," I allude to that peculiar virtue as developed in MY WIFE'S FATHER.

My father-in-law—by-the-way, I detest that term, as applied to the parent of "the wife of one's bosom!" It smacks of the attorney, and has an odor of parchment and court-room reek about it. So I shall not use it again. My Wife's Father—how much more homelike and cheerfully respectful that sounds!—is an elderly gentleman, who, having accumulated a handsome fortune in the wholesale drug business, retired from the firm five years ago, to devote his time, and a considerable portion of his income, to the cause of philanthropy.

Not generally and diffusedly, however.

My Wife's Father possesses what is popularly known as a "singleness of purpose;" but what—did he stand in no other relation to me than that of a fellow-being—I should call a "hobby" or a "one-idea." He, therefore, has a specialty in his benevolence. And this is the restoration to social *status* of the evil-doer who has been branded of justice. In other words, the moral and social white-washing of the Ethiop—using Ethiop in a strictly figurative sense.

For this most worthy object he has spent much of his time in prison. Not as a subject of discipline, understand me, but as a philanthropist—a bearer of good-tidings, a monitor, a commuter of sentences; often as a herald of pardon and liberty. This was, perhaps, well.

But he has gone further. He has become the patron and friend (that is, *he* feels sure that *he* is the friend, though the reciprocity has appeared to almost every one but himself extremely dubious) of the liberated criminal. He has listened to the seeming penitent, and believed in his or her penitence. Mind I don't say that such penitence is *always* feigned, either! It would be strange if one could find no stray grains in a cart-load of chaff.

The harvest of My Wife's Father has, however, been principally "*chaff*."

Nevertheless he has continued to take the (*soi-disant*) victim by the hand, to trust him, to clothe, and feed, and often lodge him (or her), and to give, or persuade others to give him (or her) the means of becoming a good citizen and an honest man (or woman) again.

And in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred he has been rewarded, how?

Well, here is *my* experience of it:

While I was courting my wife I became more or less acquainted with her father's hobby (for brevity's sake I will call it "hobby" hereafter, with all respect!); but not being brought personally within the sphere of his influences, I regarded it as a harmless, and eminently respectable monomania, which his wealth enabled him to indulge without other injury, as far as he was concerned, than the pain arising from constantly recurring disappointment in its results. These, however, made but a temporary impression upon his serenity, and never shook his faith in his system or the objects of it.

It is true that I occasionally suffered a momentary annoyance; as when, for instance, he persuaded me to go with him (what will a young man not do to please his—intended—Wife's Father!) to see a "most interesting case—a sad piece of injustice! a poor young girl who had been wrongly convicted of robbing a countryman of his watch and wallet in a place of doubtful repute."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed My Wife's Father, as we drove to the Penitentiary. "She's as innocent as a lamb! It was her sister—an abandoned girl—who committed the robbery. She told me her story, and made me fairly weep. The sisters resemble each other nearly; and to save the guilty one, this noble child—she is only sixteen—resolved to bear her punishment in silence. But I have by great efforts procured her pardon. You shall witness her gratitude. It will be touching!"

We reached the prison. The formalities were duly gone through, and the "lamb"—who reminded me much more of sly puss than of the guileless ba-aling alluded to as her prototype—got up a scene in the cell, with the jailer and ourselves for audience, that left nothing more to be desired in the way of pathos. It was quite as "touching" as My Wife's Father had predicted.

But a few nights afterward, as I was coming out of the theatre, I was attracted for a moment by the sad and revolting spectacle of two policemen trying to drag along a woman who was in a state of wild intoxication. As they came under the glare of the gas, but before I had obtained a fair glimpse of the poor wretch's features, she suddenly cried out:

"Hello! you man with the white hat! You know me! Where's the old chap that got me out o' jail? Ha! ha! ha! Didn't I gammon him! Hurray! I say, come and go my bail, whitey!"

I walked swiftly away, wondering what My Wife's Father would have said or done if he had met the "lamb" in her present "interesting case."

But during my courtship I naturally beheld my excellent future wife's parent through a *couleur-de-rose* medium, and allowed him to introduce me to several exemplary burglars, piously repentant defaulters, and highly-promising convicts generally (whose subsequent performances did not fully come up to those promises in my estimation), without in the least supposing that this "hobby" would ever be connected with my future life, as his daughter's husband, in any more direct or disagreeable way than it was then; that is, as an occasional bore, which I underwent with resignation if not cheerfulness.

"Blind as moles are we!" Isn't that the correct quotation? It was evidently written before the discovery of the existence of eyes in the mole; but it is strong nevertheless.

It was not quite three years ago that I first became acquainted with my wife and her father, and nearly a year and a half since we were married.

Our honey-moon sped swiftly and happily; its harmony undisturbed by a single discordant note; its peace unbroken by a single—I would say, *save* by a single rather unpleasant little episode.

This was a slight quarrel—no, not quarrel; a disagreement, let me say—between my bride's father and myself on the propriety of our accompanying him, immediately after the ceremony, "accoutred as we were," to the "House of Refuge," for the purpose of stimulating the vagrant youth therein confined on probation, by the sight of our bridal glories, to strive emulously to become, in proper time, good and happy husbands and wives, with handsome incomes, and philanthropic fathers or fathers-in-law. (I am obliged to use that detestable term once more, for euphony's sake.) In consequence of my inability to coincide in the wisdom and beauty of our affording this moral spectacle—to which, though evidently averse, from her great filial reverence and yielding disposition, Susan (my wife's name is Susan) seemed inclined to accede—a temporary coolness arose between my bride's parent and myself. This was not entirely dissipated until several days after we returned from running the gauntlet of stares and (*sotto voce*) commentaries, from cabmen, railway-conductors, hotel-waiters, and the traveling public at large, which is popular on such occasions under the name of "wedding-trip."

We survived the ordeal as others had survived it before us, and returning to the city without having sustained serious damage, took possession of our own establishment.

II.

DID I mention that Susan's father was a widower, and that Susan was his only child? No: I believe not.

There are a class of readers who never forgive an omission of this sort. If I should not mention this fact, reading further into my story they would exclaim: "But where was his wife's mother all this time? How many brothers and sisters had she? Why don't he tell us something about them? And his own family, too? There's no satisfaction in reading this kind of thing. Why, he hasn't even given any body a name except his wife, and she is only Susan!"

Gently, gently, if you please. I will satisfy your curiosity, as far as it may be done conscientiously. My wife had neither mother, brother, nor sister living. *My* family have no more to do with my story than—than that recently somewhat often quoted potentate the "Emperor of China."

As to names—that is, family names—where's the use of my giving you any? They wouldn't be the true ones, you know.

This will do, won't it?

"Nathan," said my wife's venerable papa, one morning to me (my baptismal appellation is Nathan), "you want a coachman, do you not?"

"Yes, Sir; I have not yet found the right sort of man, I believe. Do you happen to know of any sober, discreet, trust-worthy person in that line, my dear Sir?"

"A most excellent one, Nathan. Poor fellow! he has been very hardly used, and I shall be really glad to be the means of placing him in a position to show his worth and retrieve his misfortunes."

"Does he understand the management of horses?"

"Of course. That is, I have no doubt he does. He is a very intelligent man, and knows a great deal more than most men of his class, especially about theology," said the old gentleman, with conviction.

"But has he been used to horses, Sir?" I asked.

"I—a—suspect he has; he must have been; for he instantly accepted the situation when I proposed it to him."

"But, my dear Sir," I ventured to object, "Susan is timid, you know, and I am very particular; and really, unless he—"

"Oh, I have already spoken to Susan, who is quite pleased with him, and I shall really take it as a personal favor, my dear Nathan, if you engage William!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd.

(I have named him, after all, you see! The fact is, I perceive I can't go on calling him My Wife's Father in every other paragraph. It spoils the style.)

"Say no more, Sir, William is engaged!" I felt myself compelled to answer.

The next day William came. His appearance was decidedly in his favor. That is, provided he had applied for a vacant place as missionary instead of coachman.

"Have you been used to horses?" I asked him.

"I have been used to many things in my time, Sir," replied William, meekly.

"Were horses among them?"

"Horses, Sir—and asses also!" he answered, in the same tone.

For a moment I fancied the man concealed a double meaning under his last reply. But looking at his solemn face, my suspicion vanished.

"Very well, William," said I, and giving him a few directions, he was duly installed.

William drove well, but after a while I noticed that the horses seemed strangely languid in the mornings, though we used them but a few hours each day, and never in the evenings. I walked round to the stable, which was in a court some distance from the house, one afternoon. William was deeply absorbed in reading Thomas à Kempis.

"William," said I, "is any thing the matter with the horses? They didn't seem bright this morning."

"It is doubtless the oats," he replied, first putting a marker in the book and placing it in his breast; "I have remarked that they had a peculiar odor."

"Then buy better at once." And I handed him a twenty-dollar note.

For a week or so the horses improved. Then the same symptoms began to reappear.

About this time my wife and I went to the seashore for a month, leaving the house closed and the keys with Mr. Shepherd.

"William," said I, "you had better consult a veterinary about the horses, and exercise them very gently while we are away."

"What the horses need, Sir," answered William, "is corn and soft-feed alternately."

It was remarkable what correct language the man used.

"Get it, then, and give it to them," said I, handing him money.

"There was twenty-five cents change from the purchase of oats which I omitted to return you, Sir," remarked William, producing it as solemnly as if it had been a lost treasure unexpectedly recovered.

"He is honest, at all events," thought I.

"He'll be a treasure to you, Nathan," cried Mr. Shepherd, when I told him of this little incident.

The fifteenth day after our arrival at the seaside I received the following missive:

"DEAR SIR,—This is to inform you that your coachman is taking advantage of your being away to hire your carriage and horses as a hack from the night railway trains. He waits with them every night for the 11.30 train from the North, at the dépôt, and carries passengers to the hotels or the midnight through-express South. If you will give me the warrant I will arrest him. But perhaps you had better come on and see for yourself.

"Hoping you will think I have done my duty, I am yours respectfully,

"JOSEPH BYLES, Captain Police Station.

"P.S. Come on in the 11.30 train, and you will catch him, in all probability, at the dépôt."

I took Captain Byles's advice, came on by that train, and actually found William in the act of ushering two gentlemen into my own carriage. A brief explanation followed.

"The veterinary," said William, as meekly as ever, "told me the horses should be exercised only at night, owing to the heat. I did not like to ride about the streets without an object at night, Sir, and I thought that the money made by taking a few choice passengers now and then might be applied to the purchase of feed for the animals. Grain is enormously high now, Sir."

"Drive me to Mr. Shepherd's, and consider yourself out of my service," was my only reply.

My Wife's Father deplored William's "injudicious conduct," which, however, he observed, was, as I perceived by his explanation, solely for my benefit and that of his charge.

"Do not turn the poor fellow off, Nathan!" he exclaimed. "He thought he was acting for the best. And who knows what humiliation, and perhaps want, may drive him to? Let *me* see him in the morning, and all will be right. I beg it as a personal favor."

I consented, much against my better judgment. In the morning we went to the stable. It was locked, and William not there.

"Unfortunate man!" cried Mr. Shepherd. "Ah, Nathan, I hope you may never have cause to regret your harshness." (I didn't think I ever should particularly.)

Having a commission from Susan, we went to my house.

"William, whom you have so unkindly used, Nathan," said Mr. Shepherd, as he handed me the keys, "has been most careful in airing and keeping in order your house. He has come every morning for the keys, and returned them every night. *That* is *his* return for your injustice. You will find every thing in capital condition."

We entered. Every thing did seem in order down stairs. I went up to my wife's bedroom. In the fire-place in that room was fastened, with brick-work, a small iron safe, in which we kept the table and other silver ware. We had secured it all therein when we left town. It was now broken open and empty! A further search revealed the complete disappearance of every portable article of value in the house.

I looked at my tender-hearted companion. He did not appear to advantage, I thought, under the circumstances, though he was Susan's father, and though I certainly respected him highly in that connection.

"What think you of the 'unfortunate man' now, Sir?" I inquired, somewhat ironically I am afraid.

"It is sad, Nathan, it is very sad," answered the old gentleman, with humility.

"Sad!" cried I, indignantly; but controlling myself, "Where did you pick up William?" I asked.

"He—I—I reclaimed—that is, I *thought* I had reclaimed him, Nathan. But the temptation has proved too strong, I fear."

The simple fact was, My Wife's Father had taken the scoundrel out of jail, to which he had been sentenced for having used the same freedom with the safe of a religious book publisher, to whom he was *colporteur*, as he had with mine.

The "unfortunate man" is once more in forced seclusion, and I have a shrewd suspicion that he is again the object of Mr. Shepherd's philanthropic solicitude. But the restoration of the stolen plate, or even the revelation of its whereabouts, has not yet resulted from the benevolent perseverance of My Wife's Father.

III.

"Susan, my love," said I, one evening, not very long after the above experience, "did you ever hear of pocket-handkerchiefs having melted away in hot water, or of soap having the power to render them invisible?"

"No," replied Susan, innocently. "Why, my dear Nathan? Did you?"

"No. But I have remarked a steady decrease in the number of mine for the last few weeks."

"Have you? That's very strange. Perhaps you have lost them."

"I am sure I have not. But I am not so sure that the laundress—"

"Oh! it never can be the laundress!" interrupted my wife. "She is incapable of such a thing, I am very confident!"

"What makes you so confident, my dear? Where did you get her?"

"Oh! she *must* be a good woman, for she was specially recommended to me by father, who knew her before, it appeared."

(I have omitted to state that, from reasons of delicacy, I had refrained from entering into the details of her father's connection with William in my account to my wife of his rascality.)

I trust I shall not be thought disrespectful to my wife's parent if I confess that his "special recommendation" of the laundress, instead of causing me to share Susan's confidence, produced exactly the opposite effect upon my mind.

But without pursuing the subject further then, I contrived to detect the "good woman" *in flagrante delicto* before long, and, to spare my wife's feelings, made a covenant with the culprit that if she would quit our service, apparently of her own accord, I would say nothing about her backslidings. This was perhaps weak on my part. But I loved my wife, and Susan was reverently attached to her father, and considered him infallible.

Besides, are we not all human?

As this story is to be confined to the limits of a four column article, I must abbreviate somewhat, I see, my subsequent experiences of the reformatory mania of My Wife's Father.

In the progress of time I discovered, by a mathematical calculation, that the amount of sugar, tea, coffee, butter, flour, coal, and other domestic luxuries or necessities, for which I had to pay, consumed by our household of my wife, myself, and three servants were sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of twelve persons of inordinate appetites for the good things, solid and fluid, of this world during an equal period of time.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the cook, chamber-maid, and waiter had obtained their respective places at the earnest request to my wife of the benevolent "author of her being." I found that a "reformed" shop-lifter did our chamber-work: a "reclaimed" cyprian of light-fingered proclivities waited on our table; and that our cook had, previous to her "moral regeneration," kept an establishment of the lowest grade for the purchase and disposal of domestic spoils similar to those the mysterious consumption of which in our own household had revived my arithmetical knowledge. All three had been more or less "unjustly" secluded from the public ken by the stern decree of Law.

Nor were these all my trials.

An "ingenious mechanic" whom Mr. Shepherd had "redeemed" and patronized took away Susan's parlor clock to repair, and forgot, in his sudden departure from virtue and the city, to return it.

A nurse—another of the band of "penitents"—hired to attend my wife in her illness, left at an early stage of her patient's convalescence, carrying with her a quantity of lace and some other articles, all of which were designed to adorn the baby. A bigamist, who had, through the efforts of Mr. Shepherd, experienced "grace" both spiritual and judicial, actually dined and spent the evening with us, at the invitation of My Wife's Father, who brought him, informally, just before we sat down to table, and introduced him as "a most interesting gentleman, whom" (this privately) "he was about to assist in preparing for the ministry." I found out the previous history of this embryo clergyman, when, three weeks afterward, he eloped with his patron's housekeeper (still "one more unfortunate"), and no inconsiderable amount of personal property belonging to the same soft-hearted (did I only know my excellent second father by report, I fear I should have said soft-headed) philanthropist. Finally (I have, however, omitted several minor, but relatively disagreeable-to-encounter instances of a similar nature), Mr. Shepherd, three months ago, sought a conference with his daughter during my temporary absence from town, and induced her to receive as an honored guest Mrs. Euphemia Leech.

"Mrs. Euphemia Leech, my dear Nathan," said My Wife's Father to me on my return, "is a lady of eminent piety and benevolence, who has devoted her life, since the decease of Professor Leech, her lamented husband, to the amelioration of woman's lot. She seeks the down-trodden, the abandoned, the despairing of her sex, and uplifts and redeems them. She is a ministering angel to her erring sisters. Passing through the city on her noble mission, she expressed a desire to visit, with me, the institutions devoted to the punishment of crime and the reformation of vice among our unfortunate fellow-creatures. She has but a few days at her disposal, and as my widower's position precluded my offering her the hospitality of my own house, Susan gladly availed herself of the occasion to do me a pleasure by inviting Mrs. Leech to become her temporary guest. You will find her an exceedingly interesting lady, I assure you." I had no resource but to accept the uncoveted *honor* with resignation, congratulating myself that, at all events, my guest was a *reformer*, and not a *reformed* person, and therefore possibly an honest and respectable woman.

Mrs. Euphemia Leech, whose "noble mission" "left her but a few days to dispose of" in this city, has now been an inmate of my house for three months; nor, for aught I see, does she manifest any disposition to afflict us by her departure.

Neither my wife nor myself can conscientiously aver that we have found her an "exceedingly interesting lady." She is oratorical, and her oratory is divided—like the poetry in the "American Reader"—into three classes, the didactic, the pathetic, and the sentimental. The pathetic is, perhaps, her most frequent style. Her subject is ever the same —"Woman's Lot." She has bemoaned "the lot," denounced "the lot," and held up "the lot" for our sympathetic consideration. She has said every thing about "the lot" (and nothing to speak of about any thing else) that could, perhaps, be said, but one thing, and that is *the whole truth*. She has, apparently, done every thing that could be done for "the lot" but one thing, and that is, *improve it*.

For her father's sake Susan has hitherto borne the eternal jargon of her guest with extraordinary patience. With the exception of a slight remark or two about the apparent difficulty of disposing to advantage of "the lot," over which Mrs. Leech seems to hold, as it were, a pre-emption claim, and a hint that she might possibly find it more profitable to exchange it for a "lot" in a more eligible situation (which observations she received with lofty scorn), I too have exhibited a stoicism of which I am rather proud. But even Susan's endurance has reached its limit, especially as the cumulative evidences of her parent's too credulous benevolence—some of which I have herein described—have been too frequent and glaring to permit my continued successful concealment of their true significance from her.

She sorrowfully confesses that her father's heart outweighs his judgment.

She, moreover, is forced to the melancholy conviction that it will be perfectly useless to attempt *his* "reformation."

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

When I first knew Jane Ann Hubbs (the "poor young woman") she was a stalwart girl of about eighteen, with a coarse, staring sort of beauty, plenty of bust, large extremities, and the upper ones, *i.e.*, her hands, reddened and "knuckley" by her occupation.

For Jane Ann, or, as she was always called by her mother, Jaynan—was my washer-woman's daughter and professional assistant.

Jaynan's education had been somewhat neglected. At least I judged so from her constantly using the objective for the possessive case; saying "them things" instead of those things; clenching "that" and "this" with a "there" and a "here," as, "that there bosom, Mr. Tomkins, wouldn't bleach like this here one, nohow, Sir;" and from the fact that, in my weekly bills, which she invariably made out herself, "drawers" were written "draws," "socks" "soks," and "handkerchiefs" eccentrically varied from "hankerchifs" to "anckershifs," with several ingenious modifications between.

She was given to cheap perfumery.

This I felt sure of, from the fact that the peculiar odor of that article—which is ever the same by whatever title the label may designate it—always pervaded my chamber on each occasion of her visits, and for some time after her departure; and because I was continually obliged to air my clean clothes before putting them away, in order to get that same peculiar odor out of their folds.

Her tastes were not refined.

Of this I became aware by her imparting to me the information, that of all the dramatic entertainments extant she infinitely preferred "Jack Sheppard."

She occasionally made use of language the reverse of polite.

Thus—but I prefer leaving this assertion unsupported by an example.

Take her "for all in all," however, Jaynan Hubbs was—*not* a cultivated young woman by any manner of means.

Mrs. Hubbs was, if possible, even less cultivated than her daughter (her only child, by-the-by), but she was an excellent laundress; and, for that matter, so was Jaynan. But then, Mrs. Hubbs was a plodding, hard-working, humble old body, without an ambition beyond that of producing the whitest and most brilliantly-smooth shirt-fronts, while Jaynan had a soul above soap and flat-irons. In her inmost being Jaynan was ambitious. I'll tell you how I discovered this trait of Jaynan's character:

In my saunterings about town I often encountered Jaynan with her basket. And, nearly always, I found her gazing—gloating, I should rather say—over the glittering array in a jeweler's show-case, or the silken draperies of a dry-goods-store window.

"Oh, if I was only rich!" I heard her exclaim once, under such circumstances.

"And suppose you were, Miss Jane?" said I, approaching her.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Tomkins!" cried she, somewhat fluttered. But instantly collecting herself—"why, if I was rich I'd buy loads of them there things—pointing to the shop-window—"aint they lovely, Mr. Tomkins?"

"They are handsome," I replied, gravely; "but something more than money is needed to possess, or, at any rate, to wear them properly, Miss Jane."

"Sakes alive! what is it, then, I'd like to know? Good looks, I suppose! Well! there's them that has such jewels on, this day, Mr. Tomkins, that ain't no great scratch for good looks neither!"

And Jaynan contemplated her own features in the jeweler's mirror with decided satisfaction.

"I do not allude to looks," said I, "but to behavior, taste, and breeding. Fine feathers don't always make fine birds, Miss Jane. Jewels and rich apparel are but thin disguises at the best when worn by vulgar ostentation or ignorant conceit. Take my word for it—"

But Jaynan rather sulkily bade me good-day, saying, in an undertone, as she turned away, "I guess some folks are as good as other folks if they aren't book-learned;" and adding something in a still lower key, of which I could only catch the word "hunks." To whom Jaynan applied this inelegant epithet is of no consequence.

My intercourse with Miss Hubbs rather declined familiarity from this point of our acquaintance, she choosing to restrict herself to a dignified discharge of her business duties toward me in the laundry line, and making her visits to my chambers as brief and rigidly professional as possible.

I can not say that I greatly regretted this change in Jaynan's deportment, for I had never found much fascination in her society, and her shortened stay in my rooms visibly lessened the strength and expansion therein of the peculiar odor to which I have before alluded under the title of cheap perfumery—a species of fragrance for whose enjoyment my taste—perhaps I should say smell—has never been cultivated appreciatively.

In the course of a twelvemonth I went abroad, and remained nearly seven years in Europe.

Shortly after my return I went in search of my old washer-woman.

The house was occupied by other tenants, who knew nothing of Mrs. Hubbs, they being the fourth or fifth series of lessees of the premises since her departure from the neighborhood.

From the grocer at the corner, however, I learned that the old woman was dead, and Jaynan married.

"And does Miss Jane—that was—still continue in the laundry line of business?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, Sir! She's in the soap and taller way now; or her husband is, at least," replied the grocer.

"Ah! she married a tallow-chandler, eh?"

"Well, not exactly that. Old Weevil's a sort of boss soap-fat man: that is, he has a lot of men who go round with their carts and collect the soap-fat and scrapings from door to door, and he pays them for it, and then sells the stuff in a kind of wholesale way to the regular chandlers. He's a mighty sharp chap is old Weevil, but hasn't any education; can hardly read or write, I believe, and so couldn't, or at any rate hasn't, set up a regular chandlery."

There are many tallow-chandlers who are men of education, and even cultivated gentlemen doubtless (indeed I am personally acquainted with three such); but remembering the "style" of several successful members of that "guild" I chanced to meet, I could not help smiling at the grocer's idea that a want of education alone had forbidden Jaynan's husband from embarking regularly in that business.

"You call him 'Old Weevil,'" said I. "Has Jane Hubbs married an old man?"

"Well, he isn't so old as all that—not above forty at the outside, maybe less," replied the grocer, sitting down on a keg of biscuit, and inviting me to do the same upon a box of vermicelli turned up lengthwise. And this looking as if he were going to give me the whole story, I complied, as he went on to say:

"I'll tell you how it was—Joe, mind the store here!—You see there was a clever young fellow after Jaynan" (even the grocer, who was not an uneducated man by any means, called her Jaynan), "and she sort of liked him too. But he was poor—he was only a journeyman plumber—and had an old mother to support besides, and Jaynan's noddle was always a little turned by hankering after riches, and marrying to better herself, as she called getting a husband well to do in the world, though, as you probably know, Sir, she was as ignorant as a horse herself. However, as she liked Sam Rinker, she might have married him after all, perhaps—he believed she would, and I guess she let him believe it —when Weevil fell in love with her, and cut poor Sam out in no time. Weevil had a house, and wanted a housekeeper for it (he'd had one wife, and buried her a year before); and Jaynan suited him to a T. He made her a present of a gold watch, I heard; and that and promises of fine things to come won her out and out. So Weevil being so much older than Sam, and a widower, we got to calling him Old Weevil quite naturally."

"And what became of Sam?"

"Oh, he went to California, and is doing first-rate, his mother says, and sends her more money than she knows what to do with."

"But don't you suppose that Jane really loved Mr. Weevil?"

"Well, there's no telling, Sir. I don't say she didn't, nor don't yet. Very likely she *has* got to liking him well enough by this time; for she does pretty much as she pleases with him, and is as proud as a peacock because she's got a house of her own, and a servant-girl to do the work of it. Though Jaynan is not lazy: I'll say that for her. She is as good as a foreman to Weevil in his business, and nearly as sharp as he is. But she'll never be content till she rides in her own carriage; and—mark my words, Sir—she'll do it yet before she is gray."

A whim seized me to go and see Mrs. Weevil in her new estate; so, obtaining her address from the gossiping grocer, I proceeded thither.

II.

My first observation upon entering the presence of the whilom Jaynan, in the small parlor of her narrow two-story-and-a-half house, on a by-street in the upper part of the city (not at all the fashionable upper part), was a mental one, to this effect:

Jaynan was given to cheap perfumery.

Mrs. Weevil is given to cheap jewelry.

She had a cheap bracelet on each wrist, a large cheap brooch in her bosom, ditto ear-rings in her ears, and numerous rings upon her still red and knuckley digits. They were all brilliant, and I do not positively assert that the metal of which they were made was not gold, nor that the gems with which they were set were glass.

But they exhibited, nevertheless, the difficult-to-explain, but impossible-to-mistake signs that stamp the class of ornaments known as cheap jewelry!

She welcomed me with an affability not devoid of conscious pride in her improved fortunes and social *status*.

"Laws, Mr. Tomkins!" said she, with a slight affectation of manner, "how did you scare me up?"

I told her of my inquiries at her former residence, and of my obtaining her new address at the grocery.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Weevil, "it's a wonder he give it to you! That there man is a most an impudent fellow, Mr. Tomkins! To call my husband 'Old Weevil the soap-fat man,' would you believe it? that could buy him out over and over, and set him up again, and never feel the loss of it. He is the impudentest man I ever seen!"

I remained long enough *chez* Madame Weevil to discover that the improvement in her grammar and general tone of conversation had not been commensurate with the rise in her fortunes, and that there was little probability they ever would be, while she was by no means satisfied with the modest social eminence on which she now stood; but still had visions such as she used to indulge in at the jewelers' and mercers' windows, though with far more sanguine hopes of their realization.

I also discovered the exact price of every article of furniture in the house, the amount of the servant-girl's wages, and the fact that Mr. Weevil gave her ten dollars a week for house-money, out of which she managed to save three, on an average, for her private purse. This accounted for the cheap jewelry. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that these details were not revealed at any solicitation of mine, but were purely voluntary.

And let me say finally, that, as far as my observation extended, the character of Mrs. Weevil's furniture and upholstery was in excellent keeping with that of her personal ornaments. The things were evidently of the showy "cheap bargain" kind, glittering with varnish and "warranted bran-new."

But "what was the odds so long as she was happy," thought I, philosophically, as I bade her good-morning, and evaded an affirmative response to her invitation to "call agin."

It is quite possible that I should have renewed my visit to Mrs. Weevil, however; for I was not without some curiosity to see "Old Weevil," who was out at the time of my first call. But for the ensuing six months I was absent from town, and when I returned the rebellion had broken out.

This catastrophe drove all recollections of Jaynan out of my mind, and for more than a year I was earnestly, though in a very humble way, employed in serving my country with purse and pen.

III.

One day last May I received official notice of my appointment as groomsman to my friend Smithers, who was shortly to be married.

I am not opposed to the institution of wedlock. But I confess that the position of groomsman is not the one I prefer to accept upon the occasion of its ceremonial.

Were the choice given me, I should decidedly prefer to occupy a more prominent place. That of bridegroom, for example.

But having reached the middle period of life (37⅔) without ever having been permitted to exercise my *libre arbitre*—as the French call it—in this matter, I have become resigned, and am always ready to perform any duty in the more modest sphere of "second fiddle" to the hymeneal orchestra.

This duty—one feature of it—led me naturally to the brilliant establishment of the Messrs. Caldwell, silversmiths and jewelers.

While standing, in bewildered indecision, before a heterogeneous array of household plate, in the spoon, castor, tea and coffee set line, flanked by glittering little fantasies of egg-cups, golden-bowled, agate-handled fruit-knives, and nut-pickers, vainly striving to blend economy with display in the choice of my gift to the bride of my friend Smithers, I heard a voice behind me, at the opposite counter, ask, *very* distinctly: "What's the price of that there diamond bracelet?"

I started and turned half round. I thought I could not be mistaken. And I was not. The voice and person were those of Mrs. Weevil *née* Jaynan Hubbs.

She was attired in one of the most magnificent *moire antiques* I ever beheld (it was in May, and a mildish day), and her general toilet was the sublimity of splendor. Perhaps it was even one step beyond the sublime; but no matter. She did not see me, and I confess—weak though it may seem—that I was glad of it.

"Eight hundred dollars, Ma'am," said the salesman, smiling a suspicious smile.

"Let me see them diamond rings, if you please," continued Mrs. Weevil, laying down the bracelet on her lace handkerchief, which she had spread carelessly on the glass case.

The rings were handed out, and she tried several on, but those fatal knuckles rebelled. At last, however, one slipped past the obstacles, after a powerful effort, and became, at once, an inseparable part of Jaynan's personal charms. For, like the pudding on the old woman's nose in the nursery tale, nothing short of wizardry could have released her finger from the clasp of the golden circlet again.

The salesman looked a little frightened. But Mrs. Weevil calmly asked, "How much is this here one, Sir?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, Ma'am," said he, anxiously.

"Eight and two and a half is ten and a half," reckoned Mrs. W., cleverly enough. And opening a large steel-embossed portemonnaie that depended from her arm, she produced a roll of greenbacks, counted ten hundred and fifty dollars out upon the case, and said, "That's for the bracelet and the ring. I'll take 'em both."

"I will pack the bracelet in a moment, Madam," said the somewhat astonished, but still more rejoiced salesman, picking up the article and the money.

"No, you needn't," replied Mrs. W. "I guess I'll put it on. It'll carry easy that-a-way."

And suiting the action to the word, she clasped the glittering trophy round her wrist, and walked majestically out of the place.

The cheap jewelry period has expired, thought I.

"Do you know that lady?" asked I of the salesman, whom I knew quite well.

"No, do *you* know her, Mr. Tomkins? She has a smack of 'shoddy' about her, I should say."

"Probably," I answered; "or the equivalent of shoddy. Her name *was* Jaynan Hubbs when I first knew her, and her mother was my laundress. Subsequently she married a 'boss' soap-fat man, as I was told, of the name of Weevil, and—"

"Weevil!" exclaimed the salesman. "Why, that's the man that has made such a pile of money out of a contract for the hides, hoofs, and the other remains of the slaughtered cattle of one of our armies. He's just bought Ducksandrake's splendid house out, Gooseberry Street, you know, and they're going to give a tremendous opening ball or *soirée*, or something, next week."

"What, at this season?"

"Oh! they'll find plenty of people to go. Besides, now I remember, it's a *matinée*, by-the-by. So he was a soap-fat man, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Two days after this little incident I received, very much to my surprise, the following card, splendidly embossed and engraved in bronzed letters "old English" style:

Mr. and Mrs. Weeville
AT HOME
May the ---th, from 2 till 6 P.M.
[RECEPTION AND BANQUET.]
No. 5 Gooseberry Street.

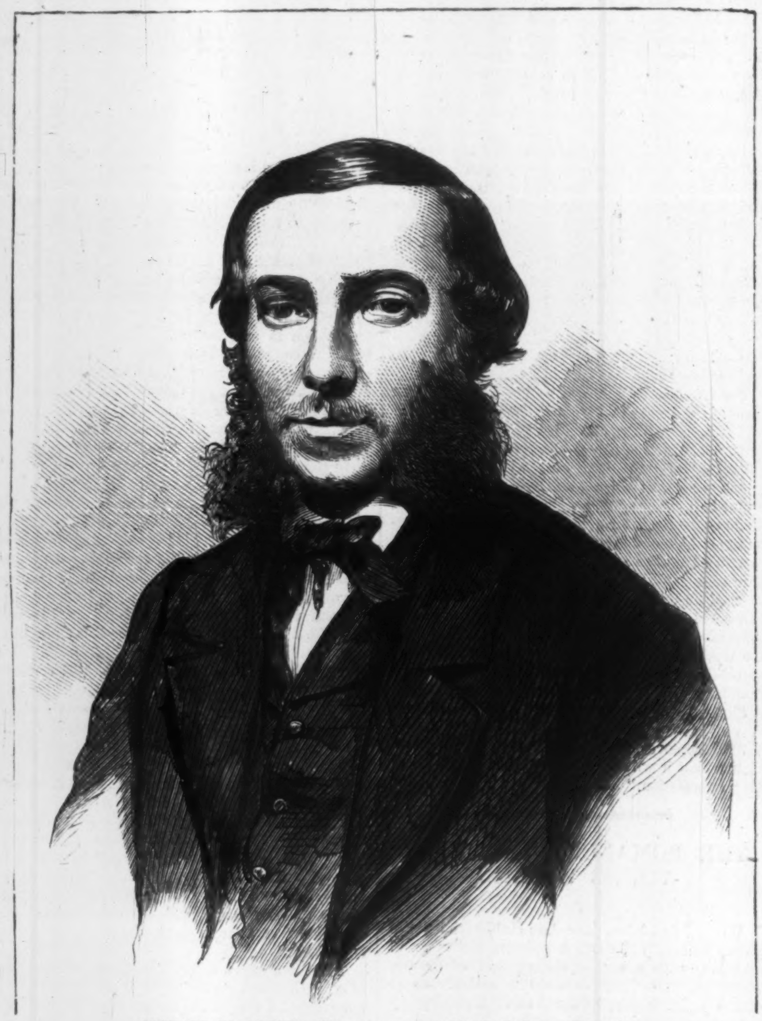
I did not go, however. My afternoon, that day, was spent in one of the Soldiers' Hospitals, where I wrote sixteen letters from sixteen poor fellows to their families. It wasn't as brilliant an entertainment as I should have enjoyed at Mrs. Weevil(le)'s, probably. But quite as useful and instructive, I fancy.

At any rate, I don't regret my absence from the one, nor my presence at the other scene of our domestic drama.

Here ends, for the present, my "ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN."

THE MALDEN BANK MURDER.

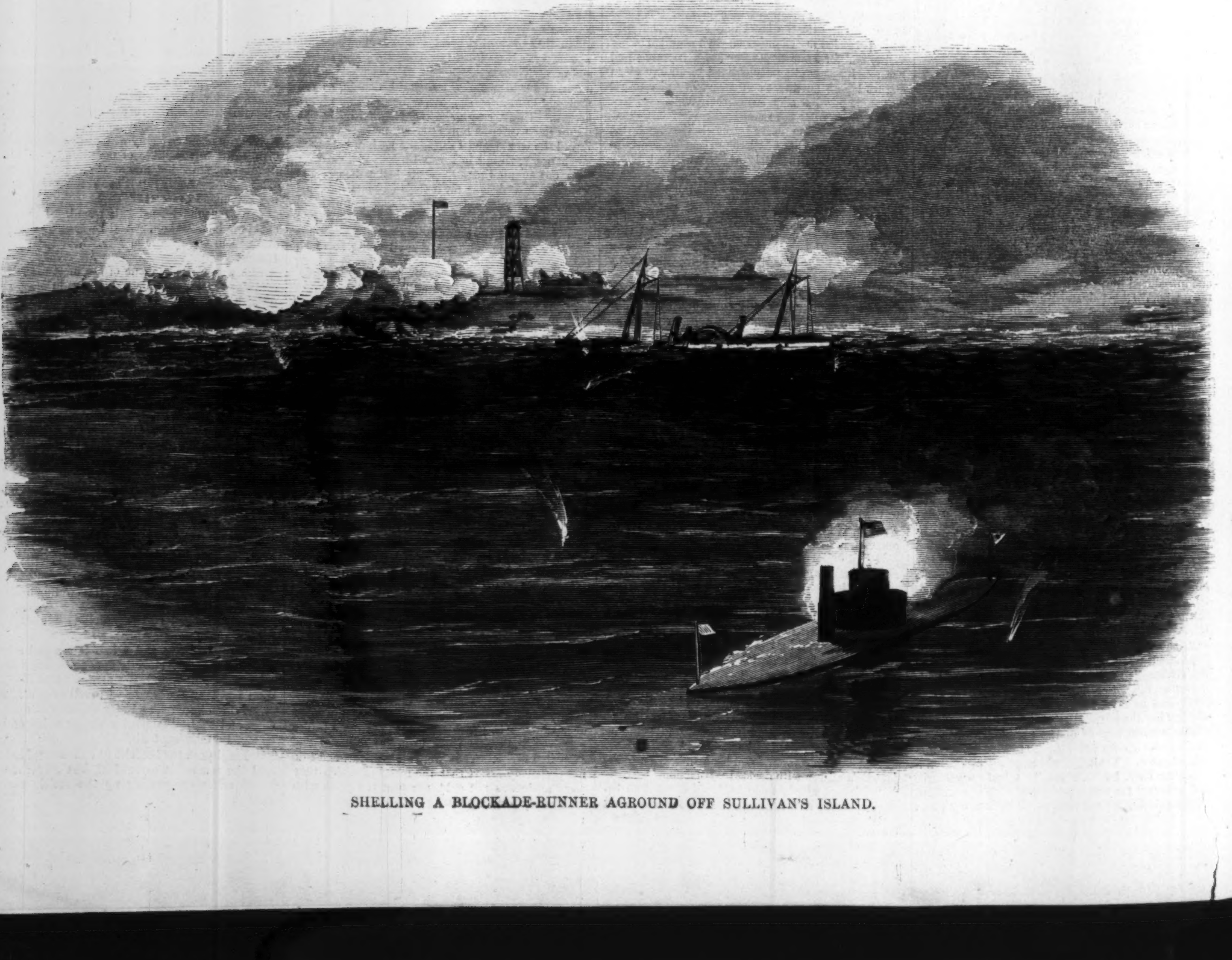
THE murder of FRANK CONVERSE, on the 15th of last December, by EDWARD GREEN, whose portrait is given herewith, has excited the most intense interest. The murder was committed in the prosperous village of Malden, a few miles out of Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was done at noonday, in a Bank, situated in the business part of the town, and yet so secretly that it left no trace of the doer, and the murderer passed from the banking-office to his own place of business, with no more suspicion attaching to him than to any other man at that time walking the streets of Malden. The victim was a boy of seventeen, son of the President of the bank, and was alone in the directors' room, in charge of $5000, which had just been counted out to him by the cashier for business use. The murderer having made a visit to the bank earlier in the day for the purpose of reconnoissance, immediately upon the departure of the cashier returned, and finding young Converse alone, drew from his pocket a six-shooter, and, placing the muzzle within a foot of the boy's head, fired, the ball entering back of the ear; another discharge was then lodged in the temple of the victim, who had fallen to the floor. To secure the bills in the drawer was the work of a moment, and the next the murderer mingled with the innocent passengers on the street. That a murder and robbery had been committed was all that transpired at the time. About three weeks afterward certain suspicious circumstances led to the apprehension of Mr. Bailey, who, upon examination, was acquitted. The name of the real murderer was not mentioned or thought of in connection with the crime; he was not one of the witnesses on Bailey's case, nor was he even mentioned in the inquest. But the "miraculous organ" through which the secret of murder always finds its way into publicity speaks through silence no less surely than through overt expression; and, in this case, the fact that there was one individual—the Postmaster of Malden—who never showed any interest in the murder, nor in the most casual manner ever mentioned it, drew the attention of two detectives, Heath and Jones, who were determined to ferret out the criminal, and also of several prominent citizens. His utter silence was the beginning of the net which soon began to close about the murderer. The other steps followed rapidly after, and as a natural consequence. The bills which had been taken were all of the Malden bank; the Postmaster was known to be involved in debt, and this would doubtless have been the motive leading to the crime. Totally unaware of suspicion, and placed, as it seemed, by his responsible position in society beyond all chances of suspicion, he would venture to pass, at least in Boston, a considerable amount of the plunder in payment of his dues. He was watched by a special detective every time he came to the city; and, step by step, the suspicions which had been aroused ripened into conviction. He had paid a debt of $700 in Malden Bank bills, and other debts of $20 and under in the same money. This, taken in connection with the remarkable silence of Green on the subject of the murder, furnished indubitable proof of his guilt, and he was arrested Sunday evening, February 7, at the residence of Mr. Lamson, whether he had been invited. He exhibited very little feeling, but confessed his guilt as soon as he found that he had been watched for the last month, and informed the detectives that they would find the rest of the money, part of it in the post-office, where it was concealed in an old boot, and the remainder in the attic of the Volunteer Fire-Engine House. The arrest of Green caused considerable surprise among his fellow-citizens, who had reposed the most complete trust in him for years. The photograph which we give was taken about a fortnight after the murder—over a month previous to his detection. Green is a young man of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, and rather short in stature. He has a wife and infant child. His wife is an estimable lady, and the fate of her husband excites in her the most heart-rending grief of which a true and honorable woman is susceptible.



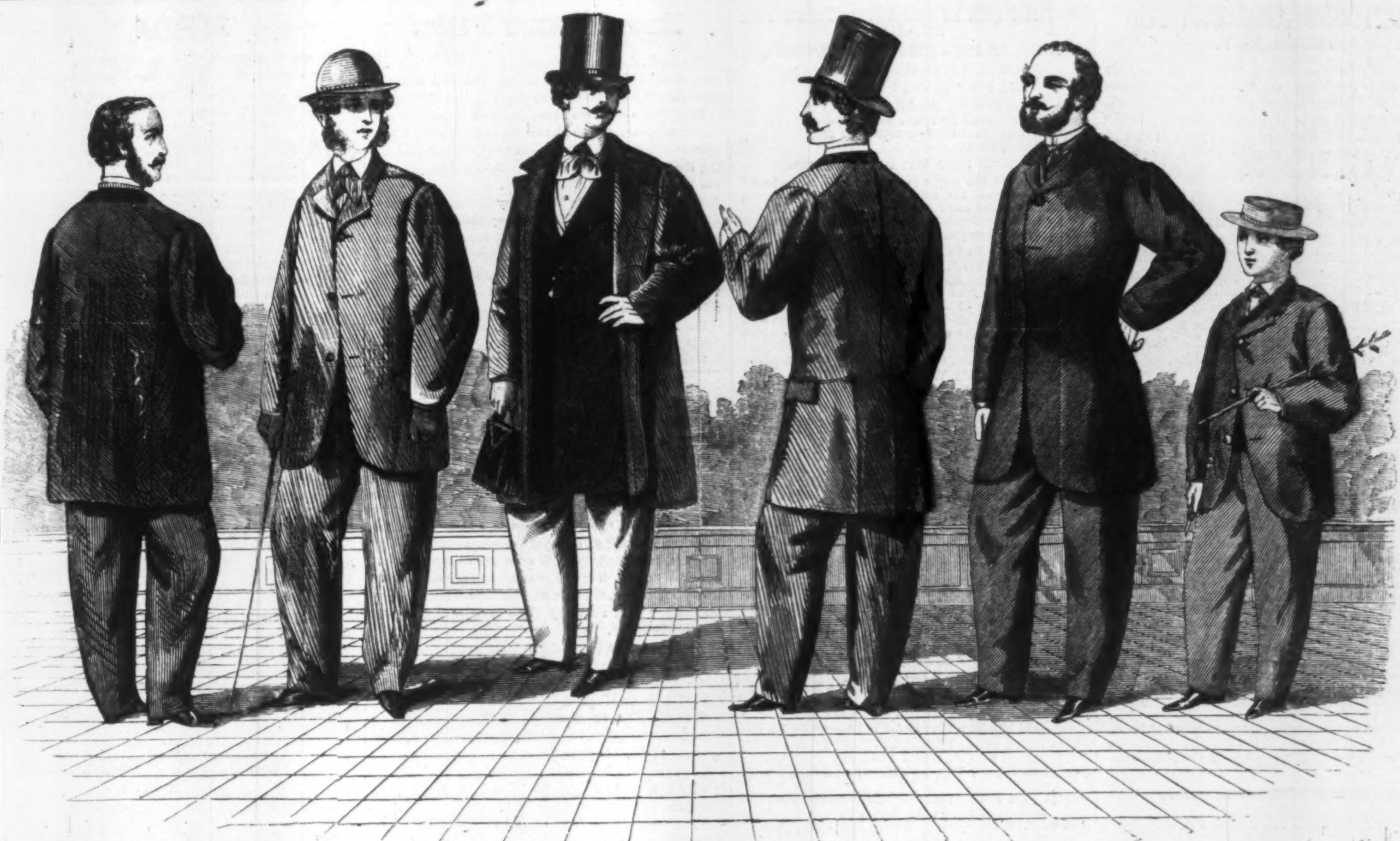
EDWARD W. GREEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR R. J. CHUTE, BOSTON.]

SHELLING OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

WE give on this page a sketch, sent us by an occasional artist, of the destruction of an Anglo-Rebel blockade-runner, which was discovered on the morning of February 2, upon the rising of the fog which generally conceals the fleet and the shore during the damp nights of this season. She was a handsome, long, low, white, side-wheel steamer, built on the Clyde, having two smoke-stacks and two masts, of some seven hundred tons burden. The tide was down, and she was fast aground off Sullivan's Island. Four Monitors moved up in line in the beach channel, and poured their ricochet fire into her, while our heavy Parrott guns on Fort Strong (Wagner) and Battery Chatfield opened a steady fire upon her. The result was a hot engagement, which lasted all day, with all the rebel works on Sullivan's and James islands, and the destruction of the blockade-runner close to the wreck of the *Isaac Smith*, whose iron hull is all that remains of that steamer, imbedded in the sandy beach before the fort. The event was a source of great excitement for our brave fellows during the day, and agreeably diversified the monotony of the siege.



SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AGROUND OFF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.


Sack Coat.
Sack Coat, front View.
Spring Over-Coat.
English Walking-Coat.
Sacktee.
Boy's Suit.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1864.

[FURNISHED BY MESSRS. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NOS. 45 AND 47 CHAMBERS STREET, AND 23 AND 25 READE STREET, NEW YORK.]

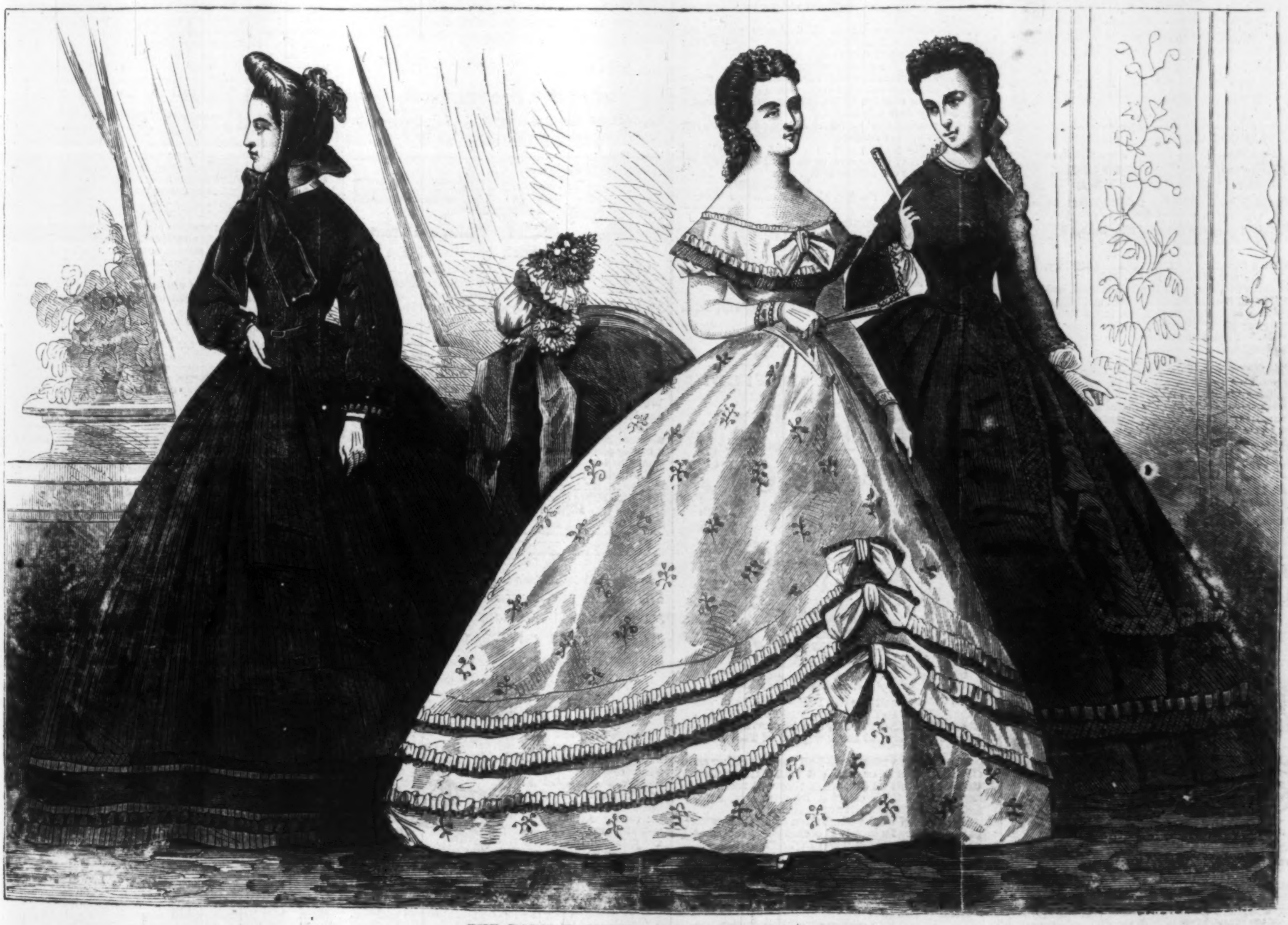
THE above plate represents a few of the various styles of garments manufactured by the extensive house above-named, for their Spring jobbing business.

The wholesale clothing trade in this country has become of such vast importance, as well in its magnitude as in the reduction of prices which it has occasioned in what may be justly regarded as one of the first necessities of man, that it deserves a place in our columns, and our patrons will doubtless be pleased to see other representations from the great warerooms of Messrs. KIRTLAND, BRONSON, & Co.

This branch of industry is of domestic origin, and was almost unknown forty years ago; the nearest approach to it in that day being the manufacture of clothing by a few individuals in this city who had branches for the sale of their goods at retail in some of the Southern cities. The demand from Southern merchants, however, which arose for clothing ready made for sale soon developed the wholesale clothing business, and prior to 1837 there were half a dozen or more houses in this city engaged exclusively in the trade, and some of them to a considerable extent. The business was almost wholly confined to the South, and the class of goods made up for the trade at that period was mainly of the lower and inferior grades. The revulsion of 1837 prostrated this as well as other branches of business, and extinguished the firms then engaged in it. With the subsequent revival of trade new houses entered into the business, other cities became identified with it, the Western country opened up new markets for its sale, and the business rapidly increased, until, in 1860. it had attained its zenith. Then came the war, and with it the loss of the Southern indebtedness, in consequence of which it again suffered a temporary reverse. But clothing is an indispensable commodity, and hence we find the business quickly revived under the management of larger, wealthier, and more experienced firms.

New York has always been the chief dépôt of supply, and will always control the largest share of the business. New York clothing is famed far and wide for its excellence—the characteristics which distinguish it above the make of other cities being novelty in the designs, durability and taste in the material and trimmings, and superiority in the workmanship. In former times manufacturers hesitated at making-up any thing above the medium grade of goods. But now, in addition to manufacturing heavy lines of the medium and lower grades, a first-class house like the one above-named is obliged also to keep a full assortment of fine goods, equal in every respect to the very best custom-made work.

There are now engaged in the wholesale clothing trade in this city alone over one hundred firms, with a capital invested of at least ten millions of dollars. The number of operatives in New York and vicinity who gain their living from the clothing trade is about [illegible]0,000, one half of whom may be employed on Government work and in the retail trade, and the other half by the wholesale trade, which contributes toward their support not far from ten millions of dollars a year wages. The amount of internal revenue which the Government derives from it is probably more than a million of dollars a year.



THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1864.

THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

JANUARY's fêtes have been sumptuous this year in the *monde Parisien.* On the subject of bonnets we have only to call the attention of our fair readers to the latest style of feather trimming, fully shown in our first Illustration (see page 141), and to state that black silk bonnets, abundantly ornamented with jet, are extremely fashionable at the present moment.

The general shape and trimming of ladies' ordinary dresses remain the same. It is only necessary to observe that high-necked robes are frequently worn for ceremonial occasions, when a profusion of passementerie decoration is *de rigueur.* The design of the passementerie is without importance, and may be confidently left to the taste of the wearer, as the greatest liberty prevails for the selection of every description of dress ornament, which thus runs no risk of being disapproved as ridiculous.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark brown silk robe, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a wide band of black velvet, surmounted by a torsade of chenille and a narrow lace ruching. At an equal distance from the lower edge of the velvet band the trimming of the skirt is completed by a silk ruching of the dress material. The sleeves are ornamented to match. Black velvet bonnet, enlivened on one side with violet feathers, worn in the positions indicated in our Illustration.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—This robe is in gros de Tours, of a white ground, with black brocaded flowers; the three fixed flounces are trimmed with a gauze ruching, edged with narrow black lace. Each of the flounces, which incline rather to the left, is fastened by a large bow. The bertha on the corsage is provided with a corresponding trimming, and attached likewise with a bow. The head-dress is composed of mother-of-pearl flowers and a white rose.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Black moire antique robe, ornamented on the skirt by a narrow flounce, composed of violet guipure and ruched ribbon. The corsage is plain, high-necked, and fastened with jet buttons. From the narrow waistband depend two wide streamers in the dress material, bordered with guipure. The coiffure consists of a catogan of violet ribbon and black lace, ornamented with jet flowers.

The millinery subject represents a cap composed in one of the best Parisian houses. It is a graceful combination of lace, flowers, and ribbon, violet being the preponderating color.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

The Hero of DONELSON, VICKSBURG, and CHATTANOOGA.

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With a Sketch of his Life, Civil and Military.
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Illustrated with an accurate Portrait on Steel, and Views of the Principal Battles fought by Grant and his Generals.

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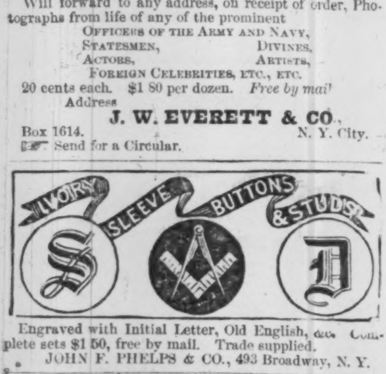
Box 1614. N. Y. City.
☞ Send for a Circular.



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For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

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For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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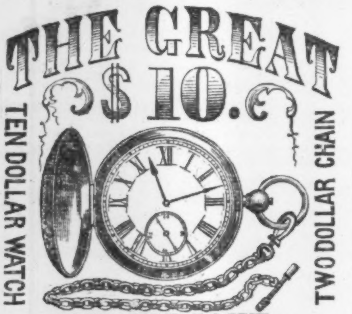

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TWO DOLLAR CHAIN

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FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name

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The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

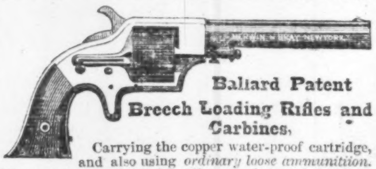
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.



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General McClellan's Report

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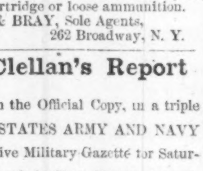

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200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
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6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $3; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

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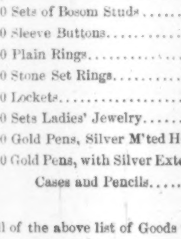
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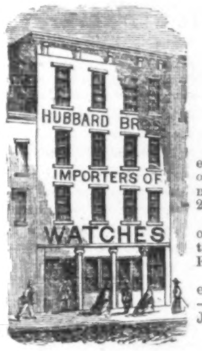

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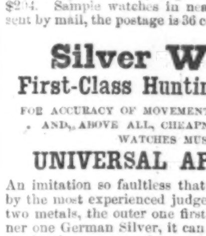

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JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee,
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DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek a cure.
Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
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Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage. Address
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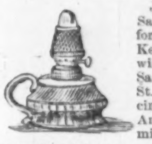

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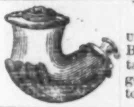

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